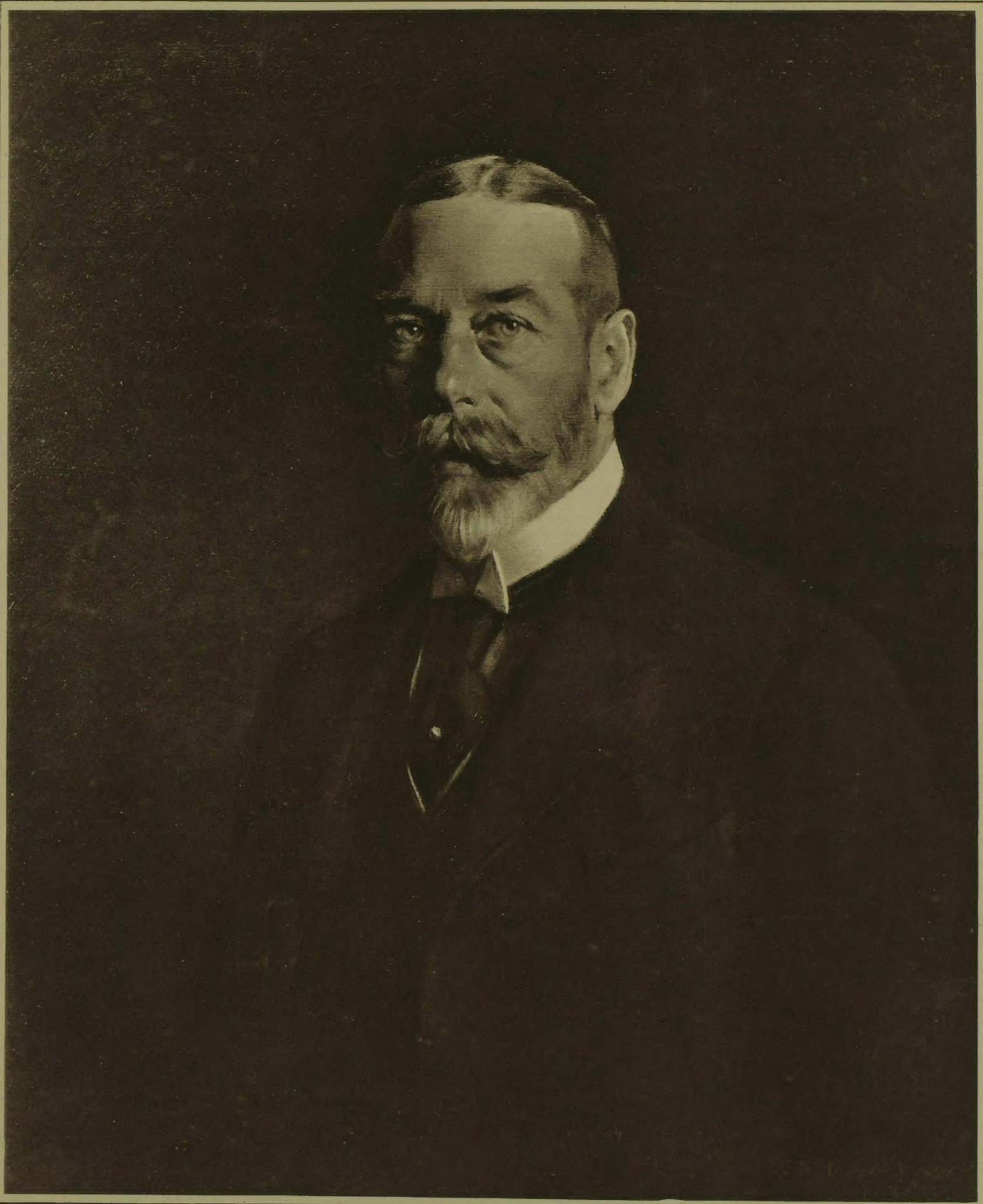


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1921.

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THE ROYAL PEACE-MAKER: HIS MAJESTY THE KING, WHO OPENED PARLIAMENT FOR THE RATIFICATION OF THE IRISH TREATY—HIS LATEST PORTRAIT.

The King arranged to open Parliament in State on Wednesday, December 14, for the special session to which it had been summoned with a view to the ratification of the Irish Treaty. It may be recalled that, in his telegram congratulating the Premier on the Treaty, his Majesty said: "I am indeed happy in some small way to have contributed by my speech in Belfast to this great achievement." That memorable speech was made on June 22 at the inauguration

of the Parliament of Northern Ireland, and in it the King said: "I speak from a full heart when I pray that my coming to Ireland to-day may prove to be the first step towards an end of strife. . . . I appeal to all Irishmen to pause, to stretch out the hand of forbearance and conciliation, to forgive and to forget, and to join in making for the land which they love a new era of peace, contentment, and goodwill."

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. T. NOWELL, R.P.S., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS' EXHIBITION, 1921. BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST, WHOSE COPYRIGHT IS STRICTLY RESERVED.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I RECENTLY had occasion to suggest that a good cause deserves to be defended by a good argument. But there is a sporting spirit in most of us, I hope, which prefers that even a bad cause should have as good an argument as it can get. And it is strange that it seems so often to have a positive preference for as bad an argument as it can find. I might take a passing example—or rather, touch on it, for it is rather too controversial for this place. I myself have always defended the Irish national ideal, against many who have since been converted to it. But I myself could write a leading article for the *Morning Post*, and state a case that would be entirely reasonable, though not entirely right. I should base my objections on the decent and tenable ground of doubts about the safety of England. Now why does the *Morning Post* go out of its way to suggest that "this is the first time" that a modern Government has yielded to organised rebellion and crime? It might as well say that this is the first time that the purity of London has been polluted by the presence of an Irishman. Or it might as well say that this is the first time that English statesmen have stooped to mention Ireland in an Act of Parliament. Rebellion and crime have occurred before every single one of the concessions to Ireland, including the extremely sensible Tory and Unionist concessions to Ireland. The Land Acts would never have come but for the Land League. But the case is not at all confined to Ireland. We compromised with Canada after a Canadian rebellion; we have compromised in India and Egypt after Indian and Egyptian rebellions. And practically every other great nation has done the same thing. We might safely turn the statement round, and say that there is no modern Government that has not repeatedly yielded to organised rebellion and crime. There is, perhaps, one exception; but some of us are so perverse as to think it an exception that proves the rule. There was one modern Government that showed a manly consistency in its policy against the Poles in Posen. There was one Great Power that logically refused any concessions to the French in Alsace-Lorraine. Is its fate exactly a beacon of hope and encouragement?

But I will pass from the politics of the present to the larger and calmer politics of the past. Mr. John Drinkwater, that admirable poet, has himself been thus moving backwards in history. He has followed up his successful play about Abraham Lincoln with a play about Oliver Cromwell. I disclaim any right to criticise it here, merely upon the over-scrupulous and hyper-sensitive ground that I have not seen it, or even read it, or realised what it is all about. But there is an interesting comment on it which I have seen and read, and which exactly illustrates what I mean by this method which supports error by error, and even by needless error. So far from making the worse appear the better reason; it makes the worse reason appear worse than it really is. So far from insinuating itself as a sophistry, it seems to flaunt

itself as a fallacy. It chooses the words that will weaken its own case; or, rather, which will display it as much weaker than it is in reality. I came upon the example I mean in a very interesting article on Cromwell, Lincoln, and Mr. Drinkwater in that great and gorgeous publication, the Christmas Number of the *Bookman*. In this there occurs the phrase that Cromwell and his followers "would have no class privilege at the upper end of the scale." The rest of the article is so just and moderate that I am not quite certain that I rightly understand the meaning of this. But at least it would seem to mean that they did their work upon the principle of pure human equality, like Lincoln's, and removed the monarch's crown, with his head attached to it, because it was a symbol of social privilege.

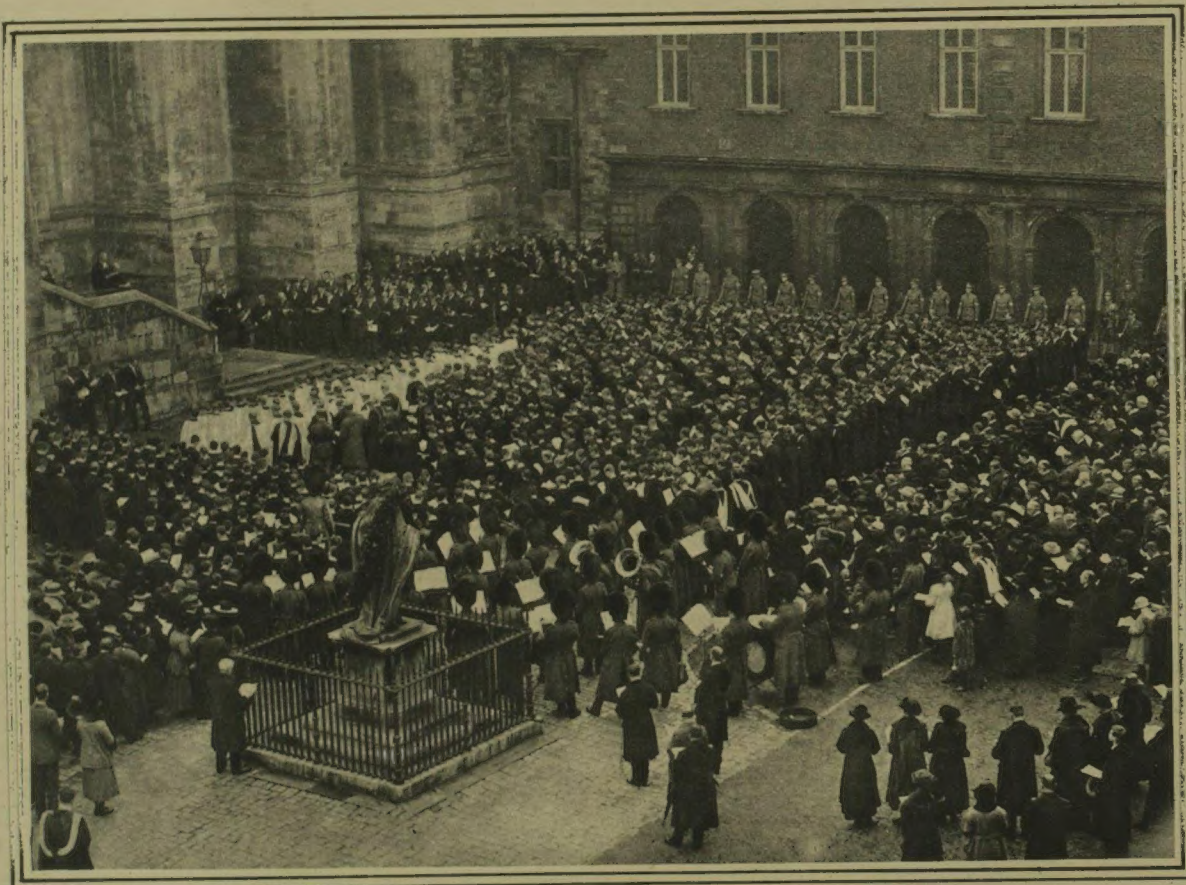
Now there is a case for Cromwell, though it has been a good deal overstated. There is also a case for the Puritans, which is by no means the same thing. Cromwell as Protector was at least as

Rabelais; or dislike poetry, and like Shelley. Lincoln was a dogmatic democrat, but he was also what would be called a doctrinaire democrat. He was much more democratic in theory than he could be in practice. In that sense, I fancy, Cromwell was much more democratic in practice than he was in theory. He achieved a considerable amount of comparative and commonsense toleration and liberality, precisely because he was a practical man in reaction against the more rigid fanatics of his party. In so far as he was tolerant, it was not because he was a Puritan, but almost because he was an Anti-Puritan; at any rate because he was frequently resisting the Puritans. But it is doubtful if he was what we should call a Liberal, and it is certain he was not a Leveller. There was nothing in his type or tradition or trend of politics to make him so. He was a squire who led a revolt of squires against a monarchy that probably still enjoyed the loyalty of the great mass of the populace, especially the rural populace. He was one of

the new aristocrats whose wealth came entirely from the pillage of the old religious houses.

The movement which he led continued long after his death to be strictly aristocratic, and ended with the establishment of the great Whig aristocratic houses. I see no reason to suppose that he was not perfectly satisfied with that English social system which has made a minority of landlords and a majority of tenants. Its defence, and its very defensible defence, would be that the squires were the natural leaders of that sort of nation. An aristocrat may be a representative; but an aristocrat cannot be a democrat. And if a man becomes a democrat merely by killing a king, we must recognise the pure republican ideals of King Henry the Fourth or King Richard the Third—not to mention

King Claudius of Denmark. Now the lesson of Lincoln is the lesson of logic. It is the lesson of the value, not merely of vague ideals, but of clear ideas. Lincoln was a man who knew what he wanted in this rare sense, that he could distinguish what he wanted from what he got. Almost alone among politicians, he was an opportunist who was not twisted by his own opportunities. Most politicians have no politics. They are entirely made by the circumstances and even accidents of their career. Lincoln kept clear in his mind from first to last his pure theory of politics. He never compromised by an inch in the statement of his principles, even when he had to compromise in the application of them. And those principles, for which he had an intellectual passion, were the principles of pure equality. Thanks very largely to the genius of Mr. Drinkwater, there is a fashion of praising Lincoln among large numbers of Englishmen to-day. It will do Englishmen very little good to laud Lincoln, if they learn nothing whatever from him. And the chief thing for Englishmen to learn from Lincoln is not hazy rhetoric about ruggedness and righteousness, but that more virile form of idealism that consists of having a clear head.



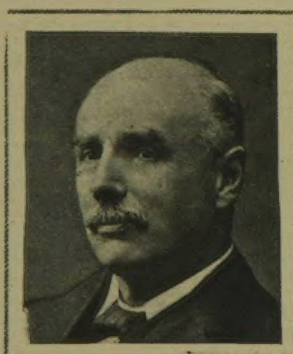
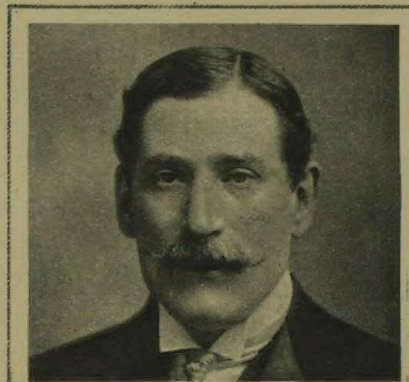
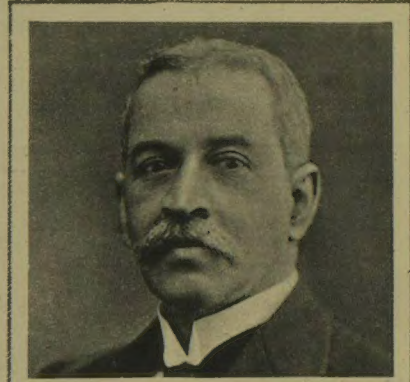
IN MEMORY OF 1157 ETONIANS: THE UNVEILING OF ETON'S WAR MEMORIAL, ON THE 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDER, HENRY VI., WHOSE STATUE IS SEEN WITH A LAUREL WREATH.

The memorial unveiled consisted of a bronze frieze, inscribed with 1157 names, and an oak ceiling, in the colonnade under Upper School. Most of the money subscribed has been devoted to memorial bursaries for the sons of Old Etonians who fell or suffered in the war. The unveiling ceremony took place in School Yard on December 6, the 500th anniversary of the birth of the Founder, King Henry VI., on whose statue a large laurel wreath was hung. A guard of honour of the Eton O.T.C. lined the colonnade (right background). The band of the Coldstream Guards played marches and hymns; the "Last Post" was sounded by buglers of the Irish Guards, and the "Reveille" by trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards.—[Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.]

much a personal perversion of the ideal of the Commonwealth as Napoleon the Emperor was of the pure ideal of the Republic. Indeed it was much more; for Napoleon was something much more than a personal, he was also an impersonal success. His triumph did not end in himself; indeed it has not ended yet. Napoleon was a revolutionary legislator; in that sense Cromwell can only be called a conservative usurper. In short, we might say that Napoleon was in himself a French Revolution. No admirer of Cromwell will pretend that he was in himself a Commonwealth. The more we see what was really remarkable in him, the less we shall pretend that he was particularly sympathetic with the common traditions or common creed, or all that makes for popularity. The one thing in which he and the more idealistic Puritans resembled each other was that neither could possibly be popular. The matter at issue here is the comparison between Cromwell and Lincoln. And it seems to me that the comparison is rather a contrast. I can imagine a person of the practical sort preferring Cromwell to Lincoln, but not on the ground of greater democracy, or of democracy at all. Now the people who do not like logic and abstract theories have no business whatever to like Abraham Lincoln. They might as well dislike fun and like

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "CANADA," L.N.A., RUSSELL, COLLINGS, LAFAYETTE, BERESFORD, BASSANO, POOLE, C.N., KEYSTONE, TOPICAL.

THE LIBERAL LEADER IN CANADA
THE HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING.MOVER OF THE ADDRESS IN
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:
SIR SAMUEL HOARE, BT.SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS
IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:
MR. GEORGE N. BARNES.A NEW KNIGHT: MR. CHARLES F
HIGHAM, M.P.A WELL-KNOWN WRITER DEAD: THE
LATE MR. RICHARD BAGOT.MOVER OF THE ADDRESS IN
THE HOUSE OF LORDS: VISCOUNT
MORLEY OF BLACKBURN.SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS
IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS:
THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.RESIGNED: LORD SINHA, GOVERNOR OF
BIHAR AND ORISSA.ENGAGED TO MISS JOYCE LANGDALE:
THE HON. HENRY FITZALAN HOWARD.A VISITOR TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE: M. LOUCHEUR,
FRENCH MINISTER FOR THE LIBERATED REGIONS.THE ASSASSINATED TURKISH EX-GRAND
VIZIER: PRINCE SAID HALIM PASHA.A NEW BARONET: SIR ROBERT F.
DUNNELL, K.C.B.FIRST GENERAL MANAGER
OF THE PORT OF LONDON
AUTHORITY: MR. D. J. OWEN.SUCCESSOR TO HIS FATHER'S
BARONETCY: SIR NEVILLE
ARTHUR PEARSON.A GREAT TRANSLATOR DEAD: THE
LATE MR. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.

The Liberal Party in Canada has returned to power after ten years in opposition. Mr. Mackenzie King is 47.—Sir Samuel Hoare is M.P. (C.) for Chelsea.—The Right Hon. G. N. Barnes, P.C., C.H., is Member (Lab.) for the Gorbals Division of Glasgow, and now an Independent Coalitionist.—Mr. Higham, who is to be knighted for his excellent work for the Ministry of Transport, is the well-known publicity expert.—Mr. Richard Bagot succeeded to the famous Leven and Kilburn estates last year.—Lord Sinha was the first Indian Governor of a British State in India and the first Indian Peer.—Captain the Hon. Henry Fitzalan Howard is a son of the Viceroy of Ireland.—M. Loucheur conveyed to M. Briand Mr. Lloyd George's invitation to him to

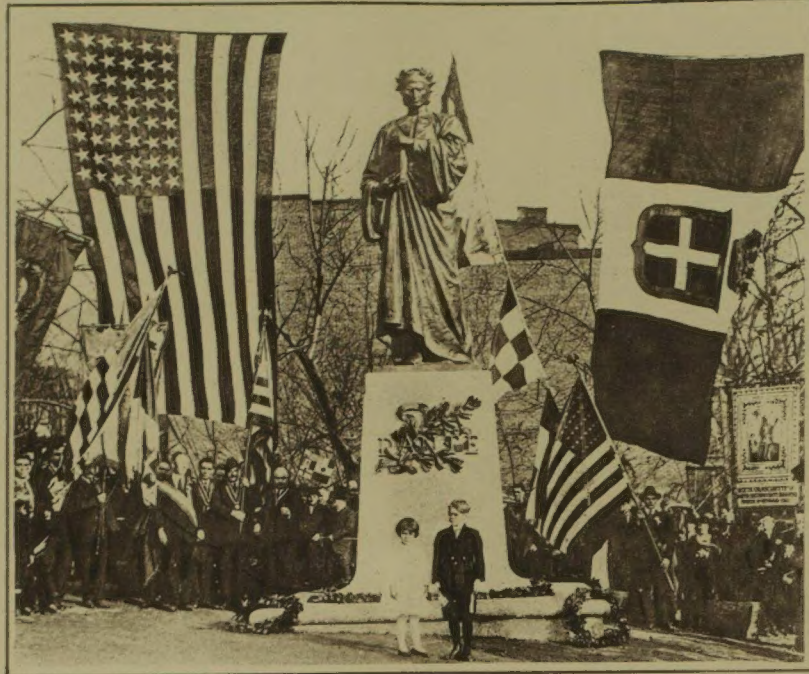
come to England for an informal exchange of views.—Prince Said Halim Pasha, Grand Vizier when Turkey entered the war, was assassinated in Rome on December 6.—Sir Robert Dunnell, K.C.B., who receives a Baronetcy for his work for the Ministry of Transport, was Secretary and Solicitor to that Ministry.—Mr. Owen has been General Manager and Secretary to the Belfast Harbour Commissioners.—Sir Neville Arthur Pearson, who succeeds to the Baronetcy on the tragic death of his father, Sir Arthur Pearson, was born in 1898. On leaving Eton, he obtained a commission.—English readers owe to Mr. A. L. Teixeira de Mattos much of their knowledge of Maeterlinck, Zola, Fabre, Ewald, Streuvels, Couperus, and others.

AT HOME AND OVERSEAS: SOUTH AFRICAN AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. BRITTAIN (JOHANNESBURG), TOPICAL, I.B., SOUTH AFRICAN PRESS AND ART BUREAU, AND C.N.



JOHANNESBURG HONOURS THE SOUTH AFRICAN DEAD: PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT UNVEILING THE STONE OF ST. MARY'S MEMORIAL CHAPEL.



WASHINGTON HONOURS DANTE: A MONUMENT TO ITALY'S POET UNVEILED BY TWO CHILDREN (STANDING IN FRONT) IN THE PRESENCE OF PRESIDENT HARDING.



UNVEILED BY A SAILOR AND A SOLDIER (SALUTING, TO LEFT AND RIGHT OF THE CROSS): THE EPSOM WAR MEMORIAL.



ENTERTAINING THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY, HER FUTURE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: THE COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD.



ARMISTICE DAY IN CAPE TOWN: THE TWO MINUTES' SILENCE BEFORE KING EDWARD'S STATUE OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL.



PRINCESS MARY'S FIANCÉ AS RACEHORSE OWNER: LORD LASCELLES' GALROY (SECOND FROM RIGHT) IN THE ANNUAL HURDLE RACE AT SANDOWN.



THE GERMAN EX-CROWN PRINCE AS MOTOR-CYCLIST: THE KAISER'S ELDEST SON, WITH HIS MACHINE, AT WIERINGEN.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, Governor-General of South Africa, unveiled at Johannesburg on November 20 the tablet stone of St. Mary's Memorial Chapel, to commemorate the South Africans who fell in the war. Their names will be inscribed. Relatives who can furnish names should write to the Rev. M. Ponsonby, Rector of St. Mary's, Johannesburg.—The Dante Monument in Meridian Hill Park, at Washington, the work of Ettore Ximenes and Whitney Warren, was presented to the city by Chevalier Carlo Barsotti, editor of the "Progresso Italo-Americano," on behalf of the Italians of the United States. It was unveiled by Minnie and Caldwell Sherrill, children of Colonel Sherrill, in the presence of President Harding. The sixcentenary of Dante's death occurred this year.—

The Epsom War Memorial, a granite Celtic cross designed by Captain W. H. Hatchard-Smith, A.R.I.B.A., was unveiled by a sailor and a soldier of the locality on December 11.—The Queen and Princess Mary arranged to visit Lord Lascelles' parents, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, at Harewood, near Leeds, from December 15 to 17. One of Lord Lascelles' horses, Galroy, ran in the Annual Handicap Hurdle Race at Sandown Park on December 9.—On Armistice Day in Cape Town, the Mayor, General Carter, Commissioner of South Africa, and many other officials observed the Two Minutes Silence before the statue of King Edward, opposite the Town Hall.—The German ex-Crown Prince, who is interned at Wieringen, in Holland, has taken to motor-cycling.

THE TRIBUTE OF THE BLIND TO THEIR GREATEST BLIND BENEFACTOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND L.N.A. (SEE ALSO PAGE 841.)



1. THE FUNERAL OF SIR ARTHUR PEARSON: THE CORTÈGE AT HAMPSTEAD, PRECEDED BY THE "VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS" EMBLEM.
2. AT HAMPSTEAD: THE COFFIN ENTERING THE CEMETERY.
3. LAID OUT IN LINES: SOME OF THE FLORAL TRIBUTES.
4. CHIEF MOURNERS: LADY PEARSON AND SIR NEVILLE A. PEARSON.

The blind, to whom he devoted the later and greatest years of his life—when he himself was losing his sight, and finally became blind—paid their last tribute to Sir Arthur Pearson, on December 13, when all that was mortal of him was laid to rest in Hampstead Cemetery. Some thousand blinded men from all over the country attended. Special arrangements were made to meet them at the stations, and two hundred Guardsmen volunteered to act as their guides. There were two memorial services—one at Holy Trinity, Marylebone, and the other

5. SINGING AT THE GRAVESIDE: BLIND CHORISTERS FROM THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND.
6. LED BY A GUARDSMAN AND EACH WITH HAND ON THE MAN PRECEDING HIM: BLIND MOURNERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE GRAVESIDE.
7. IN HAMPSTEAD CEMETERY: THE FUNERAL OF SIR ARTHUR PEARSON.

at St. Clement Danes, Strand. Preceding the coffin was a Boy Scout bearing a floral Union Jack on a staff topped by a dove and the letters "V.O.B."—the initials of Sir Arthur's "slogan": Victory Over Blindness. Amongst the clergy was the Rev. Harold Gibb, who was blinded in the war. He is seen in photograph No. 1, with the Rev. J. E. Williams, who conducted an open-air service at the cemetery. Sir Arthur Pearson's work is not likely to be forgotten—it must never be—and the Soul of St. Dunstan's must go marching on.

OXFORD BEATS CAMBRIDGE AGAIN: THE 'VARSITY' "SOCCER" MATCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.



THE OXFORD GOALKEEPER, WHOSE FINE PLAY WAS THE DETERMINING FACTOR: MR. H. M. WARD-CLARKE SAVING A HIGH SHOT.



THE OXFORD BACKS CLEARING VIGOROUSLY FROM A CORNER KICK: AN INCIDENT OF THE 'VARSITY' SOCCER MATCH AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.



BEATEN BY OXFORD BY THREE GOALS TO NONE, THOUGH FOR A LONG TIME THEY LOOKED LIKELY TO WIN: THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM.



WINNERS OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH BY THREE GOALS TO NONE: THE OXFORD TEAM.



ANOTHER "SAVE" BY WARD-CLARKE, THE OXFORD GOALKEEPER, FROM A HOT SHOT BY H. ASHTON (CENTRE BACKGROUND): A CORNER CONCEDED.

Oxford has beaten Cambridge this year both at Rugby and Association football. The "Soccer" match was played on December 12 on the Chelsea Football Club ground at Stamford Bridge, and Oxford won by 3 goals to none, largely through the fine play of their goalkeeper, Mr. H. M. Ward-Clarke. The teams were: Oxford—Goal, H. M. Ward-Clarke (Charterhouse and Oriol); Backs, S. Barber (Kirkby Lonsdale and Queen's) and A. M. Gamble (Shrewsbury and Oriol); Half-backs, P. A. Fraser (Charterhouse and Exeter), A. H. G. Butcher (Charterhouse and New College—captain), and L. B. Blackland (Shrewsbury and Oriol); Forwards, K. M. Lindsay (St. Olave's and Worcester), A. H. Phillips (Oxford



RATHER SUGGESTIVE OF "RUGGER" THAN "SOCCER": A MÊLÉE IN FRONT OF THE CAMBRIDGE GOAL, WITH SEVERAL MEN DOWN.

High School and Jesus), R. L. Holdsworth (Repton and Magdalen), F. H. Barnard (Charterhouse and Brasenose), and A. V. Hurley (Basingstoke and Kebble). Cambridge—Goal, A. H. Webbe (Lancing and Clare); Backs, D. C. A. Patchitt (Charterhouse and Trinity) and F. W. Wilkinson (Middlesbrough and Clare); Half-backs, J. R. E. Mouldeale (Bootham's, York, and Emmanuel), C. B. G. Hunter (Aldenhall and Pembroke—captain), and C. T. Ashton (Winchester and Trinity); Forwards, R. J. Thorne-Thorne (Charterhouse and Christ's), H. Ashton (Winchester and Trinity), F. N. S. Creek (Darlington and Trinity), A. G. Deggart (Bishop's Stortford and King's), and L. F. Partridge (Aldenhall.

THE PRINCE AT THE "GATEWAY OF INDIA": BOMBAY'S GREAT WELCOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



THE PRINCE OF WALES GREETED BY THE VICEROY ON LANDING: A HANDSHAKE WITH LORD READING ON THE STEPS OF THE APOLLO BUNDER.



THE PRESENTATION OF COLOURS OF THE 17TH RAJPUTS AT BOMBAY: OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT BEING PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE.



A CONTRAST TO THE DESERTED STREETS OF ALLAHABAD: A GREAT THROG OF INDIANS GATHERING IN HORNBY ROAD, BOMBAY, TO AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, WHO WAS WELCOMED WITH GREAT ENTHUSIASM.



THE PRINCE INSPECTING NATIVE GIRL GUIDES, WITH A BRITISH WOMAN OFFICER: AN INTERESTING OCCASION AT BOMBAY.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Bombay in the "Renown" on November 17, and landed at the Apollo Bunder, where he was greeted by the Viceroy, Lord Reading. At the Gateway of India building he made a felicitous speech in reply to the address from the Municipality, and then drove to Government House. An immense crowd gathered all along the five-mile route and gave him a splendid reception, the enthusiasm of which quite overwhelmed the effect of the local disturbance that occurred in some parts of the city. One of our



AN INSPECTION OF THE BOMBAY POLICE: THE PRINCE WITH A GROUP OF WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF NATIVE POLICE SEATED ON THE GROUND.

correspondents in Bombay writes: "I mingled with the crowds the last night he was here, when he drove in his car through packed streets, mostly filled with Indians of all sorts, who literally held up his car. It was a wonderful scene, for apparently they were all as loyal to him as possible. They cheered him frantically and got excited about him in Hindustani, as I can vouch. He was absolutely 'bowled over.' He stood up, hat in hand, and said 'Thank you, thank you,' in tones of great emotion. I can tell you I was proud of him."

THE PRINCE AMONG THE MAHRATTAS: A LOYAL OVATION AT POONA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



STANDING ON THE CORNER OF A GRAVEL-BOX TO GET A GOOD VIEW: THE PRINCE OF WALES (ON RIGHT) WATCHING A STEEPLECHASE AT POONA.



WEARING A GOLD GARLAND: THE PRINCE WITH THE MAHARAJAH OF KOLHAPUR AT THE SHIVAJI MEMORIAL CEREMONY.



"HE WALKED THROUGH ALL THE ENCLOSURES, AMIDST DENSE CROWDS; THE CHEERS WERE DEAFENING": THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN CARRIAGE RAISING HIS HAT) ARRIVING IN STATE ON THE RACECOURSE AT POONA.

During his visit to Bombay, the Prince of Wales went by train to Poona, where he laid the foundation-stones of the Mahratta War Memorial and of a monument to Shivaji, whom he described as "the founder of Mahratta greatness" and "one of India's greatest soldiers and statesmen." In welcoming the Prince as "a brother soldier," on behalf of the Mahratta community, the Maharajah of Kolhapur said: "We owe your Royal House everlasting gratitude for inaugurating a wise liberal policy and throwing open to all alike the doors of knowledge." The Governor of Bombay, Sir George Lloyd, said in a telegram to the India

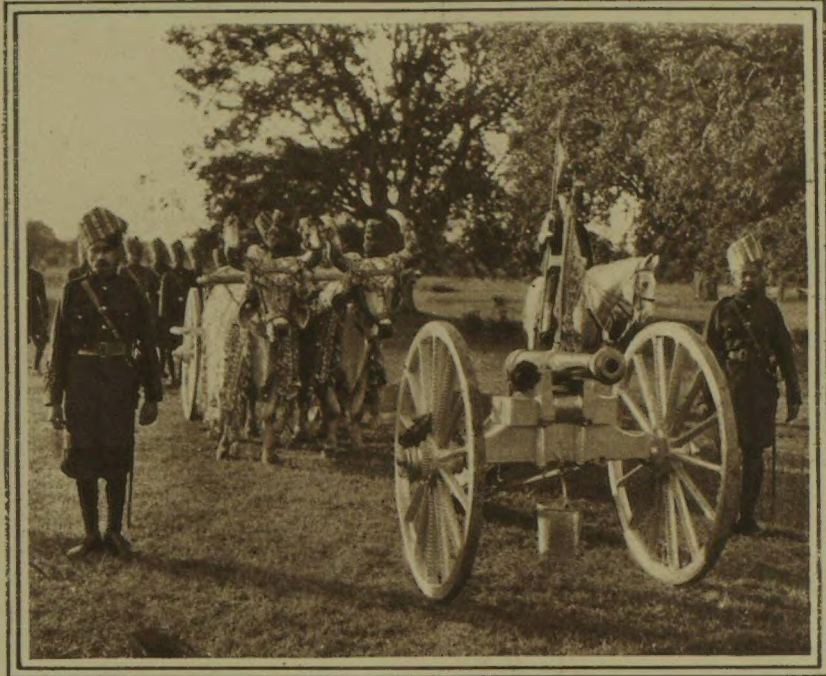
Office, describing the triumphant success of the Poona visit: "In my opinion, this was entirely due to his own personality and influence. . . . A great crowd, estimated at about 20,000, awaited the Prince at the Shivaji memorial. His Royal Highness walked right round the arena, and was cheered enthusiastically. After the ceremony he reviewed some 2500 ex-soldiers, and received another ovation; but at the races his reception was really remarkable. For more than half an hour he walked through all the enclosures, amidst dense crowds. The cheers were deafening, and they never ceased until he went back to the stand."

THE PRINCE'S FIRST TASTE OF INDIAN MAGNIFICENCE: H.R.H. AT BARODA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



GORGEOUSLY CAPARISONED IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: SIX HUGE STATE ELEPHANTS WITH GILDED AND SILVER SEATS, AT BARODA.



WITH A GUN OF GOLD AND SILVER, AND BULLOCKS WITH GOLD AND SILVER TRAPPINGS: THE BARODA STATE ARTILLERY INSPECTED BY THE PRINCE.



INTERESTED IN QUAIN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: THE PRINCE LISTENING TO A NATIVE ORCHESTRA.



WITH THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA: THE PRINCE AT THE LAXMI VILAS PALACE.



DRAWING SOUNDS FROM A RING OF BASINS: A NATIVE MUSICIAN PLAYING FOR THE PRINCE.



THE PRINCE WATCHING SIR LIONEL HALSEY START FOR AN ELEPHANT RIDE: AN INTERESTING MOMENT WHEN THE HUGE BEAST STOOD UP.



WITH THEIR GORGEOUS TRAPPINGS OF GOLD AND SILVER: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BULLOCKS ATTACHED TO THE BARODA STATE ARTILLERY.

The Prince of Wales left Bombay on November 23 for Baroda, where he had his first experience of the splendour and hospitality of the Indian Native States. A Reuter correspondent, describing the occasion, writes: "It was a great scene of Oriental brilliance as his Royal Highness stepped out to the thunder of a native battery, to be greeted by the Gaekwar and his shining retinue. Entering the State barouche, scintillant with gold and jewels, the Prince, with the Gaekwar and Kuma Dhairyashilao, drove slowly through the town, led and

followed by squadrons of green and blue Lancers. . . . Near the Nyaya Mandir the famous gold and silver guns, and the silver carriages with richly caparisoned oxen, were arranged, together with six colossal elephants bearing gilded and silver thrones. The Prince was much interested in these magnificent beasts, camouflaged into dazzling shapes. Passing through the luxuriant grounds of the Laxmi Vilas Palace, the Prince inspected the guard of honour, formed by the 98th Infantry."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

TO build up a literary reputation on fugitive writing alone is a very uncommon thing, and even where it happens the term "literary" may be open to dispute. Yet in the case of the late Marquis of Salisbury, whose literary reputation rests solely on his contributions to the higher journalism, the term must be conceded. His work as a writer is relatively a subordinate part of his career, but so important to his development as a politician and of so much intrinsic interest that Lady Gwendolen Cecil has given it separate and minutely critical consideration in her "LIFE OF ROBERT, MARQUIS OF SALISBURY" (2 vols., Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.), a book that takes its place among the best modern biographies. The third chapter, entitled "Writing," will appeal to everyone interested in the craft of the pen, particularly to the professional, but not to the professional alone.

Lord Salisbury's public speaking owed much to his early practice in journalism, and "although his style in speaking was never so finished as it was in writing, the touch of literary distinction, of unexpectedness in phrasing, was never wholly absent." The best of his articles bear witness to his literary craftsmanship in their lucidity, "ordered sequence of parts so appropriate as to appear inevitable... the effortless merging of the particular case which is being discussed into some larger whole... the love of clear-cut outline." If he erred, it was in being too oratorical, and his earlier efforts were too "smart."

Lord Robert Cecil, as he then was, wrote for the *Saturday Review* for the one reason which Dr. Johnson held to justify a man in writing—i.e., for money—and he acknowledged it frankly. His connection with that paper lasted for seven or eight years, and at first he was a recognised member of the staff, attending meetings of "the Direction" with some regularity. The extent of his Press-work has been exaggerated: there is no evidence that he ever contributed to any daily paper, and the only weekly was the *Saturday*. His other contributions were to the *Quarterly Review*, the *Oxford Essays* and *Beniley's Quarterly Review*. In the *Saturday* and the *Quarterly* Lord Robert attacked Mr. D'Israeli bitterly, and Lady Gwendolen Cecil tells a delightful story of her father's consternation when, just after the appearance of a violent denunciation, he discovered that his leader was among the guests assembled at Hatfield. For the perfectly D'Israeliian dénouement, I refer you to the book itself. The little scene is worthy of a Beaconsfield novel.

Although the Poles, North and South, have lost their mystery as romantic objectives, the literature of Arctic and Antarctic exploration only increases in volume and in interest. The present publishing season has been unusually rich in records of adventure and scientific research in both Polar regions, and pictorially one of the new books touches unrivalled excellence. The Antarctic landscapes in Mr. H. G. Ponting's "THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH" (Duckworth; 30s.), mark an era in photography, and make the home-

keeping reader actually feel the icy splendour of those solitudes. One of his pictures, "The Freezing of the Sea," is, by the way, a remarkable confirmation of a French artist's imaginary picture made long ago for Jules Verne's "Hector Servadac." The beauty of "Christmas Eve in the Pack" alone would justify Mr. Ponting's official title of "camera artist" to the Scott Expedition. The photographs, too, of penguins and seals, but particularly of the penguins, are inestimable natural history documents, and the author's descriptions rival the pictures in humour. The wooing of the Adélie penguins and the account of their engaging manners must delight M. Anatole France. The book forms a splendid series of footnotes to the story of the Scott Expedition, and it should be read in conjunction with Captain E. R. G. R. Evans's "SOUTH WITH SCOTT" (Collins; 10s. 6d.), a personal narrative about which the author has certain modest misgivings as to its interest, "after so much has already been published." But he need have no fear on that score. These records are only another proof of

Polar Eskimo language, and a great admirer of the people discovered by John Ross in 1818. A quaint old print, reproduced in the book, commemorates that first meeting. Ross is in full dress naval uniform, a chilly contrast to the muffled explorer of to-day. One recalls in this connection a tradition, authentic and still alive in a Northern seaport, to which an Eskimo, the first ever seen there, was brought home by Captain Penny. This Eskimo (mentioned also, if I remember rightly, by Hall) was named Ee-no-loo-a-peek, and the boys of the town, who mobbed him, nicknamed him, for occult reasons, "the Yankee." But Ee-no-loo-a-peek's chief local fame rested on the fact that on his first night in Aberdeen he ate his bedroom candle.

Kinswomen of Becky Sharp are still very much alive in current fiction. In four successive novels, taken up at random, one met designing, attractive and quite unprincipled young women who knew how to make the best of their opportunities.

The first, highest in social position, but almost certainly a criminal type, is the fascinating Mrs. Crofton in Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "WHAT TIMMY DID" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.); a second is Sadie, a creature of commoner clay, in Mr. Holloway Horn's "THE CIRCLE OF GOLD" (Collins; 7s. 6d.); the third, whose trump matrimonial card was pretended widowhood, which gave her the victory over a young man who neglected the elder Weller's advice, is Dinah Marmery, alias Pink, in Mrs. Henry Dudeney's "MADE TO MEASURE" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), and the fourth is the American adventuress who gives her name to "ELINOR COLHOUSE" (Secker; 5s.), Mr. Stephen Hudson's little story—one of the shortest of recent novels, but concentrated essence of fiction. The first three

are subordinate characters: Elinor alone is a heroine, or rather, leading lady, and, considering her morals, perhaps this is just as well. All these women are strong and finished portraits by writers to whom one can always look for work of merit.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ.

UNKNOWN KENT. By Donald Maxwell. (The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.)

Described as "Being a series of unmethodical Explorations of the County, illustrated in line and colour by the Author."

GREENLAND BY THE POLAR SEA: THE STORY OF THE THULE EXPEDITION FROM MELVILLE BAY TO CAPE MORRIS JESUP. By Knud Rasmussen. (Heinemann. 36s. net.)

TORQUIL'S SUCCESS. By Muriel Hine. (The Bodley Head. 6s. net.)

The story of a young writer who has a hatred of Society. After many vicissitudes, he is left by his wife and is free to write for "the love of his work."

NIGHTFALL. By the Author of Jenny Essenden. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

The story of the crippled and savage master of Wanhope, of the patient and beautiful wife, of the young agent with his mysterious war secret, of Lawrence Hyde, at once hero and villain, and of Isabel, most charming of heroines.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR (VOL. II.). By John Buchan. (Nelson. 25s. net.)

This second volume of Mr. Buchan's "History of the Great War" takes us from the beginning of the Dardanelles Campaign to the Battle of Verdun.

THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH. By Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S. (Duckworth. 30s. net.)

An account of experiences with Captain Scott's South Pole Expedition and of the Nature Life of the Antarctic.



IS IT TO BE TRANSPLANTED TO AMERICA? BRAMALL HALL, CHESHIRE, ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF ELIZABETHAN "BLACK AND WHITE" DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

Bramall Hall, a fine old Elizabethan mansion in Cheshire, with a picturesque gabled front in black timber and white plaster, was recently offered for sale in the British and American markets. There was a rumour that it might be "resolved into sticks and stones, duly numbered," and re-erected across the Atlantic. In the twelfth century the estate belonged to Matthew de Bromale (the form of the name that appears in Domesday), and by the marriage of one of his descendants it passed to the Davenport family. Sir William Davenport added the upper portions about 1600. One of his sons was a prominent Royalist, but his tenants joined the Parliamentary forces, and searched the house, while musketeers waited in the park. A model of Bramall Hall was given to Queen Victoria at her golden jubilee.—[Photograph by H. Clarke.]

the Polar explorer's intrepid spirit, as it was expressed by a doggerel librettist of Nares's expedition in 1876—

No darkness and no hummocks
Their merry hearts could flummox.

To the bibliography of the Antarctic, Messrs. Heinemann have just added a cheap edition of Sir Ernest Shackleton's "South," the record of the 1914-17 expedition.

Northern research is represented by two new books from the pen of Mr. Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, who is at present at work in the Arctic Archipelago. One is "ESKIMO FOLK TALES" (Gyldendal; 15s.), translated by Mr. W. Worster. Mr. Rasmussen has Eskimo blood in his veins, and the illustrations are the work of Eskimo artists. Some of them were reproduced in our issue of December 10. The same author gives us also "GREENLAND BY THE POLAR SEA" (Heinemann; 36s.), in which he tells the story of the fourth Thule Expedition from Melville Bay to Cape Morris Jesup. Thule is the name Mr. Rasmussen gave to the trading station he founded as his base at North Star Bay. He is, as Sir Lewis Beaumont notes in his Preface, "a very special and exceptionally favoured explorer of these regions," for he was born in Greenland, spent his boyhood there, is perfect master of the

IRISH PEACE: THE DELEGATES' RETURN; AND A DISCORDANT NOTE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, L.N.A., AND TOPICAL.



THE IRRECONCILABLE "PRESIDENT": MR. DE VALERA INSPECTING I.R.A. TROOPS.



ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED IN DUBLIN: MR. GAVAN DUFFY, ONE OF THE IRISH DELEGATES, WHO SIGNED THE TREATY.



WITH THE PREMIER'S "IRISH TREATY" PEN: LADY GREENWOOD; AND SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD.



"I CANNOT RECOMMEND ACCEPTANCE OF THIS TREATY EITHER TO DAIL EIREANN OR THE COUNTRY": MR. DE VALERA, THE SINN FEIN "PRESIDENT," TAKING THE SALUTE AT A RECENT REVIEW OF I.R.A. TROOPS AT SIX MILE BRIDGE, CO. CLARE.



HEARTILY ACCLAIMED ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE DUBLIN MANSION HOUSE: MR. ARTHUR GRIFFITH, CHIEF IRISH SIGNATORY TO THE TREATY.



WELCOMED BY SINN FEINERS IN DUBLIN: MR. MICHAEL COLLINS, ONE OF THE IRISH SIGNATORIES, ENTERING THE MANSION HOUSE.

The Sinn Fein delegates who signed the Irish Treaty had a great reception when they returned to Dublin, and were enthusiastically cheered on their arrival at the Mansion House to attend a Cabinet meeting. A discordant note in the proceedings was struck by Mr. de Valera's opposition to the settlement. "I cannot recommend acceptance of this Treaty," he said, "either to Dail Eireann or to the country." His objection caused a split in the Sinn Fein Cabinet.

Mr. Arthur Griffith said: "I have signed a treaty of peace between Ireland and Great Britain. I believe that that treaty will lay the foundation of peace and friendship between the two nations. What I have signed I shall stand by, in the belief that the end of the conflict of centuries is at hand." Mr. Michael Collins agreed. The pen Mr. Lloyd George used to sign the Treaty was given by him to Lady Greenwood in token of her husband's work for peace.

THE IRISH TREATY BRINGS FREEDOM TO FIVE THOUSAND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, L.N.A.

PRISONERS: THE RELEASE OF INTERNEES IN IRELAND.

AND SPORT AND GENERAL



FLYING THE SINN FEIN FLAG IN JUBILATION: RELEASED PRISONERS FROM THE INTERNMENT CAMP AT MARYBOROUGH, RIDING ON AN ENGINE.



WITH A PRIEST (EXTREME RIGHT) IN A JAUNTING-CAR: SOME OF 100 INTERNEES RELEASED FROM BALLYKILNAR CAMP.



LADEN WITH HIS BELONGINGS, BUT HAPPY: A YOUNG SINN FEINER LEAVING KILMAINHAM GAOL ON HIS RELEASE.



RELEASED INTERNEES OF A WEALTHIER CLASS: SOME PRISONERS LEAVING KILMAINHAM GAOL BY CAR WITH THEIR WOMEN FOLK.



AFTER THE ORDER HAD BEEN MADE FOR THE RELEASE OF INTERNED PRISONERS: A CROWD WAITING OUTSIDE KILMAINHAM GAOL.



EMERGING FROM RATH CAMP, CURRAGH: FREEDOM—NOTE THE



FOLLOWED BY AN ADMIRING CROWD IN DUBLIN: SIGNING OF THE



A RELEASED PRISONER PASSED OUT TO BARBED-WIRE DEFENCES.



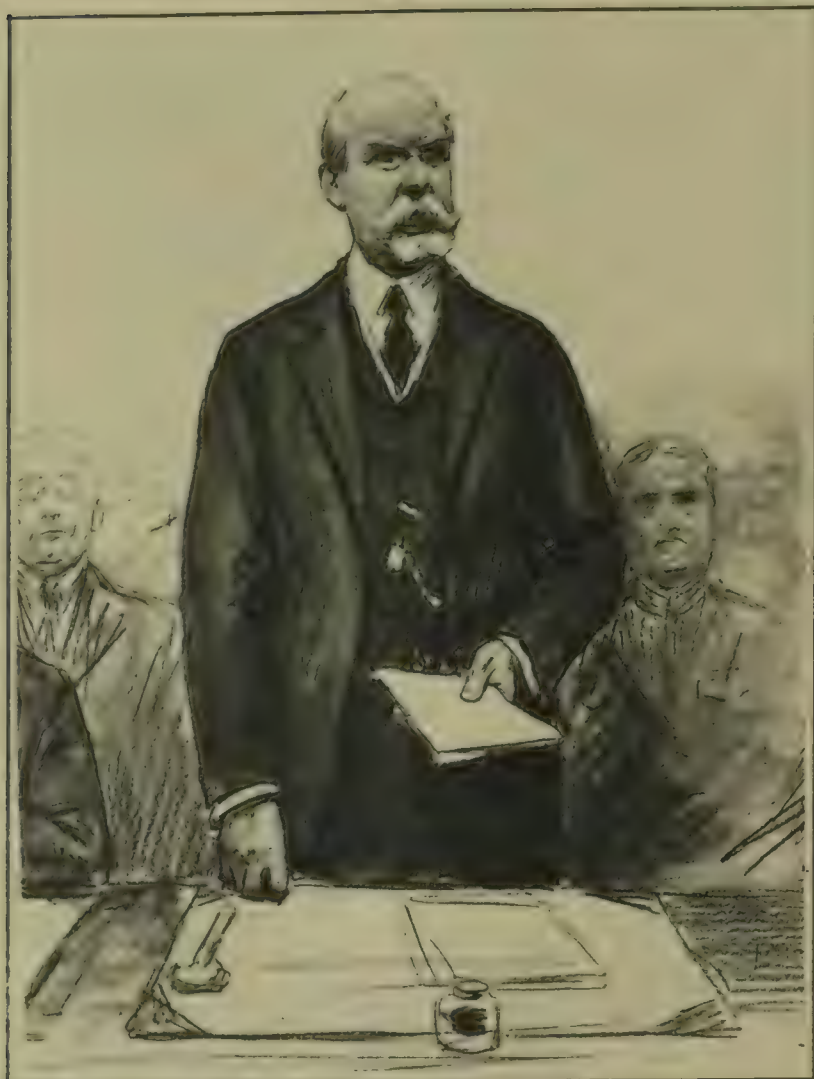
"INTERNEED UNDER REGULATION 14b OF THE RESTORATION OF ORDER IN IRELAND REGULATION": A RELEASED PRISONER RECEIVING A RAILWAY WARRANT ON LEAVING.

The signing of the Irish Treaty brought freedom to about 5000 prisoners in Ireland. The Cabinet met on December 7, before the Privy Council meeting, and decided to advise the King to release the Irish internees immediately. His Majesty approved this step, and the following communiqué was issued later in the day: "In view of the agreement signed yesterday between the representatives of the British Government and the Irish Delegation of Plenipotentiaries, his Majesty has approved of the release forthwith of all persons now interned under Regulation 14b of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulation.

Instructions have been given accordingly." This decision applied to all political prisoners, but not to those prisoners who had been convicted for any crime or who are under trial. Presumably, it did not apply, either, to Sinn Féin prisoners convicted of crime in England. It was considered likely that a general amnesty for prisoners might be arranged on the ratification of the Treaty. As our photographs show, the interned prisoners were naturally jubilant at thus regaining their freedom, and joyful scenes took place outside the various prisons and camps when they came out.

MAKERS OF THE FOUR-POWER PACT: WASHINGTON PERSONALITIES.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY J. SIMONT.



CHAIRMAN OF THE CONFERENCE AND HEAD OF THE UNITED STATES DELEGATION: MR. C. E. HUGHES SPEAKING.



THE FRENCH PREMIER, WHO RECENTLY RETURNED TO FRANCE: M. BRIAND ADDRESSING THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.



WHERE THE FOUR-POWER TREATY CONCERNING THE PACIFIC, BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE AND JAPAN, WAS CONCLUDED: THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE—SHOWING THE CHAIRMAN, MR. C. E. HUGHES (CENTRE BACKGROUND) SPEAKING.

It was announced on December 11 at the Washington Conference that a four-Power Treaty regarding the Pacific had been concluded between the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan. The Treaty, it was stated, had not been formally signed, but had been initialled by representatives of the four Powers. The adhesion of France was declared by M. Viviani. The French Premier, M. Briand, it may be recalled, had previously returned to Paris. Mr. Balfour then spoke on behalf of Britain (as quoted on the opposite page), and Prince Tokugawa accepted the Treaty for Japan. At the same session

Mr. Hughes recited the decisions of the Far-Eastern Committee regarding China, and asked for the public assent of each Power, which was given verbally by the various representatives. The lower photograph shows at the head table in the background, from left to right, M. Briand, Senator Underwood, Mr. Elihu Root, Senator Lodge, Mr. Hughes (speaking), and Mr. Balfour. At the right-hand table are (l. to r.) the other British delegates, Mr. Srinavasa Sastri (India), and the Italian delegates. Facing them, at the left-hand table, are the representatives of Japan and France.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BRITAIN'S SPOKESMAN ON THE FOUR-POWER PACT: MR. BALFOUR.

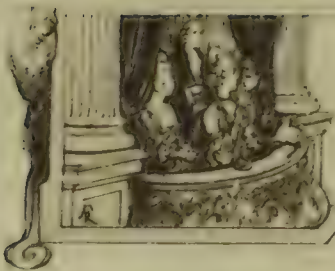
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY J. SIMONT.



"THE ONLY SOLUTION, IS TO MERGE OLD ARRANGEMENTS INTO A NEW ONE, EMBRACING ALL THE NATIONS INTERESTED": MR. BALFOUR ADDRESSING THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

Mr. Balfour said that the new four-Power Treaty concerning the Pacific made it apparent that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was no longer necessary. He recalled the fact that Japan's friendship with Britain had stood the ordeal of two great wars. "The two countries," he continued, "cannot at the end of it take off their hats and part politely as two strangers who have met in a railway train for a few hours. Something closer unites them than the mere words of the Treaty. It is impossible adequately to express satisfaction with the present

solution of the problem. All my life I have been a persistent advocate of the most intimate and friendly relations between the two greatest branches of the English-speaking race. You can, therefore, see how deep is my satisfaction when I see four great Powers put their names to a Treaty which for all time will lead to peace in the territory where the Treaty breathes. . . . The only solution is to merge old arrangements into a new one embracing all the nations interested."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



The World of the Theatre



By J. T. GREIN.

IVAN CARYLL, with Lionel Monckton the most popular composer of Gaiety music when George Edwardes was king of musical-comedy, was as spruce as he was genial. His trim person and ditto beard—a regular *brav' Belge* appendage of Assyrian black glamour—formed a striking contrast to his predecessor, Meyer Lutz, brother of a Bavarian Prime Minister. Lutz was a podgy little man, Teutonic to a fault, and so *gemütlich* to behold that you wished him a long German pipe to complete the picture of the Fatherland as immortalised by Pellissier in his "I haf a wife in Tchermany." In reality, he was a peppery customer of wonderful musical resource. He composed light stuff for the Gaiety because it paid; but if, in those days of the Sacred Lamp, serious music had been in demand, he could have written a symphony or grand opera with equal facility. He knew his every instrument, and his orchestrations were as workmanlike as his melodies.

Caryll, on the other hand, rightly or wrongly—I think rightly—was suspected of composing on the piano and leaving the scoring to a ghost, who was remunerated with £50 a piece—whereas the Belgian *maestro* earned thousands and acquired a fine château on his native heath. One day after having referred to this strange inequality of reward, I was rung up from the Gaiety, and at the other end of the telephone Ivan Caryll, in high dudgeon, threatened me and my paper with the brimstone and hellfire of a writ for libel. We had quite a little duel in French over the wire, and, as we did not get any forrader, it was decided that we should meet at the Walsingham Club—now the Road Club—to have it out. I was there punctually, but Caryll did not come. Nor did I ever hear anything of his threats afterwards. We found it prudent to let sleeping dogs lie. Ten years or so lapsed, and at a public dinner we were introduced for the first time, and became such good friends that he invited me to an evening's pow-wow about operette and musical-comedy—frankly, as he said, to make a convert of me as regards the latter. He had forgotten all about the incident of the writ, but when I recalled the subject he cleverly evaded the main point of the orchestration, but put me off with this charming sally in French: "When your host offers you a choice glass of wine, you don't care who has blown the bottle, do you?" And, for the sake of *entente cordiale*, I took this for an answer.

About Caryll as a composer there is this to be said: his gift of facile melody was uncommon, and reached its apogee in "The Shop Girl," tunes of

which jingle in my ear as I write; but in "The Duchess of Dantzic" he proved that his inventiveness could soar high beyond the commonplace. The music was a wonderful foil to the text; even Sardou himself was pleased with this transposition of "Madame Sans-Gêne." When he heard the score, he exclaimed: "En voilà une arriviste:



THIS YEAR'S "PETER PAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: MISS JOAN MACLEAN.

Sir James Barrie's famous play, "Peter Pan," was announced for revival at the St. James's Theatre on December 15, with Miss Joan Maclean in the name part.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

blanchisseuse, maréchale, rossignol, il ne lui manque que le prix Monthyon!"

A couple of intelligent foreigners, who visit London twice a year to harvest new ideas of music and drama—the kind of all-round man and woman who follow the artistic current not merely at home (in the Hague), but in all the capitals of Europe—asked me to be their cicerone. They wanted a little list of things to be seen and worth seeing. I led off with "A Bill of Divorcement" and "The Faithful Heart"; I entered "Will Shakespeare," "Heartbreak House"—brilliant failures both, from the £ s. d. point of view, yet evidence of mightier effort than what Bourdon dubs our "negligible and puerile drama"; I included a revue or two as an *apéritif*, for I have a tender spot for these medleys which give individual intellect and talent an opportunity to shine; I named a pair of comedies of lesser import, yet interesting from the acting point of view; and, of course, I wound up with the Old Vic, as a kind of homage to the one National Theatre in our midst. I also included "Cairo" as a thing to be seen, not heard, lest my friends should chide me for being all too eclectic. "Is that all?" they asked, when I produced my skimpy bill of fare. "Is that all that the great Metropolis, with a population larger than the whole of Holland, has to offer? Why, look at this," and they unfolded a Dutch paper. "See what is the programme for one week in the Hague of 250,000 inhabitants, the thirtieth part of London: Shakespeare, Strindberg, Wedekind, Harwood ('A Grain

of Mustard-seed'), 'The Yellow Jacket.' As for Amsterdam, it is the same tale, with Heyermans, and a few French performances, and Leopoldine Constantin (never heard of her over here, of course!), with Schnitzler thrown in." I felt like Peter, and would have slunk away weeping bitterly; but I nerved myself to impassionate defence, when, worse luck, my friend confronted me with the *Morning Post* of Monday, Dec. 5, and a report of a dinner in honour of Ellen Terry at the Forum Club. Here was evidence irrefutable for men that matter from two managers who, disregarding the commercial aspect, have upheld the banner of "art for art's sake," and bled for it; of an actor who has for years continued the tradition of an honoured name, and is all too often "resting" instead of in harness. Here are in brief some of their own words, words as telling as Zola's "J'accuse"—

BASIL DEAN: "Gone are the great actor-managers, the leading actresses, and the great theatres which had a leading dignified policy. Gone are the repertory theatres. In their place, a helter-skelter policy in and out where no man knows where he stands."

J. B. FAGAN: "If we look round the theatres to-day, consult the bills-of-fare, we are almost driven to explain with one of the characters in 'Heartbreak House,' 'Megan's soul lives on pigs' food.'"

BEN WEBSTER: "The theatre is a tragedy nowadays. It is almost dead."

To that might have been added: The Old Vic asks for £20,000 to save its site, and the subscriptions amount so far to £600; the plot acquired by that farcical institution yclept the National Theatre for short, is for sale; when the Stage Society makes a splendid effort in producing "Uncle Vanja," there is a wail of "gloom, drab, dullness," and a sneer: "There is no need for criticism." And, whereas a few provincial cities like Birmingham and Nottingham struggle to maintain repertory and propel home-grown work of quality, Manchester, once the city of light and leading, has let Miss Horniman's wonderful work die; and Liverpool, under Basil Dean and Muriel Pratt a little beacon, has dwindled to a flickering candle.

Truly, aspect as well as outlook are as sad as sad can be, and when, anon, I come to review the year 1921, the survey will be as sterile as that of the limited companies who have to resort to the reserve fund to wipe out the deficit.



IN "BLOOD AND SAND," THE BULL-RING PLAY AT THE NEW THEATRE: MISS FLORENCE SAUNDERS AS ROSARIO, THE MATADOR'S WIFE, WITH HIS CHILDREN.

Mr. Matheson Lang's new production, "Blood and Sand," arranged for December '14, at the New Theatre, is a drama of the Spanish bull-ring, founded on a novel by Blasco Ibanez. Mr. Lang plays the matador, Gallardo, and Miss Florence Saunders his wife, Rosario. Their children are named Juanito and Pepe.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]



AS "BLACKY" THE FIRST IN "THE FAITHFUL HEART." AT THE COMEDY THEATRE: MISS MARY ODETTE.

Miss Mary Odette doubles the part of an innkeeper's niece who is loved and left by a sailor, and of the daughter born to them who finds her father twenty years later preparing to marry a rich bride. The play turns on his choosing between bride and daughter. Miss Odette is charming both as "Blacky" I. and "Blacky" II.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS DUE ON DECEMBER 13: BENARES, THE SACRED CITY ON THE GANGES
BOATS AND BARGES ALONGSIDE A GHAT.



"THE WATER OPPOSITE EACH GHAT, WHERE THE STEPS LEAD RIGHT DOWN, IS FULL OF BATHERS":
INDIANS SEEKING PURIFICATION IN THE SACRED WATERS OF THE GANGES.

In view of the Prince of Wales's visit to Benares, where he was timed to arrive on the 13th, we give on this and the following pages some remarkably picturesque photographs of the famous *ghats*. "The city," writes the late Hon. Robert Palmer in his book, "A Little Tour in India," "is built along the top of the high river bank, and from it all along a series of terraces and steps lead down

to the river. These steps are called the Ghats (ghat meaning a flight of steps, and so applied either to mountains or to real steps). There are more than forty of them. . . . The water near the embankment is crowded with native boats and barges, and the water opposite each ghat, where the steps lead right down, is full of bathers."—[Photographs by Major Herbert Ingram]



"HAPPY IS HE WHO MAKES A PILGRIMAGE TO BENARES": THE HINDU SACRED CITY VISITED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES—A GHAT ON THE GANGES.

"Vedic, Brahminic, Buddhist, and Muslim civilisations," writes Sir G. W. Forrest in his book, "Cities of India," "have flourished and decayed on nearly the same spot, and we find a city like Benares surviving all revolutions. It is impossible to tell when the Hindus began to build temples and tanks and ghats by the broad waters of the Ganges, and Benares became the centre of Hindu religious life. It was at an early stage in the world's history when men began to worship the fertilising power of a stream and to deify the beneficent gifts of nature." Describing a trip by boat down the river there, he continues: "Then we slowly drop by a long ghat backed by a picturesque terrace, which is crowded with priests,

old and young, dressed in green and yellow, seated under kiosks and parasols, all busily engaged retailing chaplets and armlets and certificates of purification to the throngs of pilgrims which crowd the steps. . . . Happy is he who makes a pilgrimage to Benares, but thrice happy is he whose soul ebbs away at its sacred stream, and whose body becomes a prey to the flames at the sacred ghat. As we pass it we see the funeral piles and a body by the water's edge ready to be placed on one of them. The rays of the sun light up the graceful spire of the golden temple, and glitter on the stream, and fill the white sails of the small shallops which are swiftly skimming over the water."—[Photograph by Major Herbert Ingram]



A CITY CROWDED TO THE RIVER SIDE OWING TO THE SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES TO BE GAINED BY DYING NEAR THE GANGES: ONE OF THE GHATS AT BENARES.



"THE COMPETITION FOR SITES NEAR THE RIVER IS LIKE THAT FOR CITY SITES IN LONDON":
A GHAT AT BENARES BESIDE THE SACRED WATERS OF THE GANGES.

Benares is one of the most picturesque cities in the world. "The reason of this," writes the late Hon. Robert Palmer in "A Little Tour in India" (quoted on a previous page) "lies in the fact that the nearer you die to the banks of the Ganges (only the west bank—if you die the other side you become a donkey!) the better your chance of a 'rise' in the next life. Consequently

the competition for sites near the river is like that for City sites in London; it has forced the houses up to double their usual height, and has squeezed the streets to half their normal breadth. . . . So the result is a city of extremely narrow, irregular streets between fine, tall, purely Oriental houses, which almost meet above, as in Old London."—[Photos by Major Herbert Ingram.]

"LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN": FOUR GREAT CAREERS ENDED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, RUSSELL, BASSANO, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



"ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF OUR BLINDED SOLDIERS": THE LATE SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, FOUNDER OF ST. DUNSTAN'S.



A GREAT "WARDEN OF THE MARCHES" ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER: THE LATE SIR GEORGE ROOS-KEPPEL.



THRICE LORD CHANCELLOR: THE LATE LORD HALSBURY, THE VETERAN LAWYER AND STATESMAN.



A GREAT LAWYER AND A GREAT JUDGE: THE LATE LORD LINDLEY, THE LAST OF THE SERJEANTS-AT-LAW.

Sir Arthur Pearson, the famous newspaper proprietor, who, himself blind, devoted his life to those similarly afflicted, was accidentally drowned in his bath as the result of a fall which rendered him unconscious. As the Minister of Pensions (Mr. Ian Macpherson) in a message to Lady Pearson, well said: "The whole Empire will mourn the death of one who was, above all, the friend of our blinded soldiers, and out of his own affliction created hope for them in place of despair." The best way for the nation to honour his memory, it may be suggested, will be to support the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel at St. Dunstan's, which he founded and regarded as a national trusteeship.—

The late Sir George Roos-Keppl, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., who died suddenly in London on December 11, will long be remembered on the Indian frontier, where he had great influence with the tribes. He was a Member of the India Council, and formerly Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province.—Lord Halsbury and Lord Lindley, both called to the Bar in 1850, were the two great surviving legal figures of our day. Both were born in the reign of George IV., Lord Halsbury in 1823, being thus 98, while Lord Lindley was 93. Lord Halsbury became Lord Chancellor in 1885, and again from 1886 to 1892, and from 1895 to 1905. Lord Lindley was the last of the Serjeants-at-Law.

ANCIENT ROME BELOW A GERMAN EMBASSY! UNEARTHING

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY



ASCRIBED TO SERVIUS TULLIUS, ABOUT 557 B.C.: THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS; TO BE DETACHED FROM MODERN BUILDINGS.



SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND THE TEMPLE OF THE CAPITOLINE JOVE (V) AND ON THE RIGHT THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS (XI); THE SOUTHERN QUARTER OF ANCIENT ROME THE CITY. (BUILDINGS NUMBERED ARE NAMED BELOW.)

THE above photograph shows the southern quarter of ancient Rome, as reconstructed in Professor Marcellian's plaster model of the city. The Capitoline Temple is shown in front (V). The Velabrum (XII) and the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, near the embankment of the Tiber, are seen at the right-hand end of the Plan (**). The block of fine buildings (VII-VIII-X) constituted the Imperial Palaces on the Palatine. At the right-hand side of them is the Circus Maximus (IX). In the left background of the plan are the *Thermae*, or Baths, of Titus and Trajan (I).

UNTIL 1875 [writes Professor Federico Halbherr] archaeologists disputed about the very site of what was the principal sanctuary of ancient Rome—the temple of the Capitoline Jove, or *Capitolium*—which was supposed by some to have been on the north-eastern, and by others on the south-western, summit of the Capitol. It was Professor Lanciani who, after the discovery of some peculiar vestiges, made in that year, during the works for the enlargement of the *Palazzo dei Conservatori*, succeeded in establishing that the famous temple was on that side of the hill, and precisely beneath the foundations of the *Palazzo Caffarelli*, and the soil of its garden. Some later discoveries entirely confirmed his statement.

But this palace (which was from the year 1854 in the possession of the Prussian Government, and served at first as residence for the Prussian Embassy, and, after 1870 for that of the German Empire) remained, together with its annexed area, inaccessible to further researches on the part of the Roman archaeologists.

After the war, however, the estate having been expropriated by the Italian Government, the Department of Antiquities decided immediately to demolish the building—which had no artistic value at all—in order to unearth the relics of the temple, whatever they might be. The work of demolition is now approaching completion, and almost all of the still existing remains of the early structure has been brought to light. Yet, unfortunately, all that has been found is the imposing

(Continued in Box 2.)



UNDER THE FORMER GERMAN EMBASSY (SINCE DEMOLISHED): STONE BLOCKS AT THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE BASE OF THE TEMPLE OF CAPITOLINE JOVE.

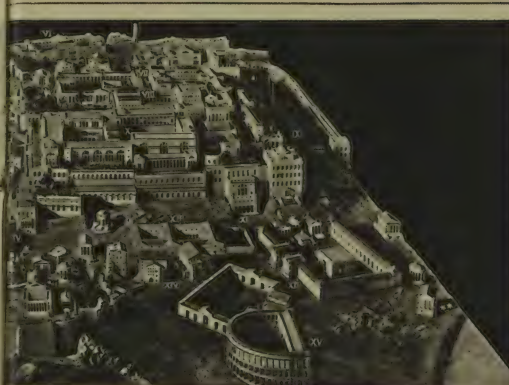


SHOWING WATER-PIPES AND ELECTRIC CABLES FOR THE GERMAN EMBASSY THAT STOOD THERE: EXCAVATIONS OF THE CAPITOLINE TEMPLE.

(Continued.) middle one sacred to Jupiter, the one on the left to Juno Regina; the one on the right to Minerva. The pediment was crowned by a quadriga of terra-cotta, in the manner of an *acroterium*; and the statue of the Father of the Gods was of the same material. It was the work of Tullianus of Fregene, who painted the face of the God in vermillion, and dressed his body with the *tunica palmata* and the *toga picta*. In 386 B.C. the rugged and uneven surface of the hill around the temple was made level by means of gigantic sub-structures, which rose from the level of the plain to that of the temple itself, a work called *insane* by Pliny, and classed by Livy among the wonders of Rome. On July 6, 83 B.C., a malefactor, whose name was never discovered, set the building ablaze. Sulla undertook its reconstruction, for which purpose he appropriated some of the columns of the Temple of Olympian Zeus at Athens. Sulla's work was continued by Lutatius Catulus, and finished by Julius Caesar in 46 B.C. A second restoration took place in the year 9 B.C., under Augustus, a third in 74 A.D., under Vespasian, and the last in the year 82 A.D., under Domitian. The temple, re-built by Domitian, was plundered in June 455 by the Vandals of Genseric, who carried off the statues to adorn his African residence. From that time the temple, stripped of its roof of gilt-bronze tiles, fell into ruin, and became, like so many others, a stone quarry and a lime-kiln. But neither the Barbarians nor the moderns succeeded in destroying completely

THE CAPITOLIUM; AND THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS.

PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



RIGHT THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS (XI); THE SOUTHERN QUARTER OF ANCIENT ROME THE CITY. (BUILDINGS NUMBERED ARE NAMED BELOW.)

the Porch of Livia (II), and the Imperial Forums (III). The middle section, between the Capitol (V), in the centre foreground, and the Colian Hill (VI), in the centre background, is occupied by the public buildings of the Roman Forum (IV), with the Coliseum at its end—the round building seen in the centre background. The large Theatre (XV) in the right foreground is that of Marcellus, with the Forum Holitorium, or Vegetable Market, at its side. The model gives a good idea of the aspect of Rome in the time of the Caesars.



A WORK WHICH PLINY CALLED "INSANE": PART OF THE GIANTIC SUPPORTING WALLS OF THE CAPITOLINE TEMPLE BUILT IN 386 B.C.

the fine plates, or in removing the huge blocks of its colossal sub-structures. Only small portions of these early remains, occasionally unearthed here and there by the last inhabitants of the Palazzo Caffarelli, had been damaged, during works for hydraulic and electric installations of the building. The recent excavations detected a veritable network of modern pipes and cables. The dimensions of this platform, constructed with rectangular blocks of tufa-stone, joined together without cement or mortar, correspond almost exactly to those given by the historian Dionysius of Halicarnassus. A still more ancient temple, attributed to Servius Tullius, is shortly to be excavated, and isolated from mediæval and modern superstructures. This is the temple of *Fortuna Virilis*, built about 557 B.C. in the Velabrum, and reconstructed in 214 B.C. The very elegant Ionic building was converted into a church, dedicated to the penitent Egyptian woman, *Santa Maria Aegyptiaca*, in the earlier Middle Age. The church was assigned by the Popes to a community of Armenian monks in the sixteenth century, and since that time its ancient basement has become filled up, and the left wing, embedded in new buildings, as also its interior, has been subjected to all sorts of damage. It is expected that the early Servian sanctuary will be seen again in its original integrity for the date of the approaching *Palilia*, the 2675th Birthday of Rome, on April 21 of next year.



IN COURSE OF RESTORATION: THE OTHER END OF THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS, OLDER THAN THE CAPITOLINE TEMPLE.

(Continued.) terrace of the temple, with some few parts of its huge supporting walls, and scanty fragments of the old architectural decorations; while the body of the building proved to have been entirely destroyed. But the majestic paved square, which, after the final excavation, will be displayed at the back of the *Palazzo dei Conservatori*, surrounded by plantations of laurels and myrtles, will become, even in its ruined condition, one of the most venerable memorials of the Eternal City.

From its elevated position, the sanctuary of *Jupiter Optimus Maximus* commanded a wonderful view of the Forum, the Palatine, and the Velabrum, on the southern side of the town, and the *Comus Martius*, on the northern one. It was the religious centre of the Roman State, and on its walls were carved the inscriptions and dedications in honour of the Great Roman God by the kings and nations of the world. Its history and magnificence are thus recorded by Professor Lanciani, in his "Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome": "The temple, designed by the elder Tarquin, and built by his son, Superbus, was dedicated by M. Horatius Pulvillus, consul, on September 13, 509 B.C. Writers describe it as raised on a platform 61'62 metres long, and 57'17 wide, in the middle of a sacred area, which was bounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs. There were three rows of columns on the front of the temple, but none at the back; the style of architecture was pure Etruscan, low and heavy, with inter-columnar spacing so wide as to require the use of wooden architraves. The *cella* was divided into three compartments, the

(Continued below.)



ONCE PART OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF ANCIENT ROME'S MOST SACRED SHRINE: STONE BLOCKS ON THE SITE OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF JUPITER ON THE CAPITOL.



THE QUEEN is revelling in her daughter's engagement. Very much of a woman is her Majesty, and, if all the world loves a lover, the woman world loves a pair of lovers, and the head of us all is no whit behind. It is no conventionalism to say that Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles are honestly in love with each other; it is the delightfully human truth, and that is "all there is to it," as the Americans very expressively sum up. There was another ball last week at Chesterfield House, when Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was the charmingly pretty and gracious hostess to the friends and supporters of the Victoria League, which does so much to make a visit to the mother country happy for those who come from the Empire's Dominions across the seas. All the tickets were sold a week before the ball, so it was a success indeed. The house which will be our young Princess's London home will, I am told, be at once placed in the hands of decorators, and possibly be structurally altered in some degree. It is now as it was when Lord and Lady Burton gave such brilliant entertainments there. The large dining-room has, perhaps, been redecorated; it was not in use on any occasion when the house was lent, and Lord Lascelles has, since he became owner of the house, entertained over eighty to dinner. The present decorations of gold and ivory in the ball-room are too heavy for modern taste. The dining-room walls were covered with a rich Venetian red brocade which King Edward greatly liked, and which he advised the late Lord Burton not to have taken down so long as it was possible to repair it.

The Duchess of Norfolk is one of our great ladies who is not much before the public eye. Her

being good, and therefore happy; the Mother Superior and Sisters were a joy to look at, and Bishop Butt and the Duchess caught the happy infection. Her Grace was dressed all in black, and had a chinchilla muff, and grey shoes and stockings to match it. Quite a new note in fashion, though I much doubt if the Duchess thought of it in that way.

There is trouble in a woman's mind when her hair begins to thin out, to fade, or in any way to lose its glories. Additional hair, as we euphemistically call what we buy, is, when all is said and done, no more satisfactory than teeth from the dentist. Both are things which must be made the best of. Prevention is the right policy to pursue, and it is so easy one can try it. The great thing is to get a Harlene Hair-Drill outfit; and once you start, this admirable treatment is bound to do your hair good and give it that glossy, well-cared-for look which is so much admired. The outfit provides everything for a seven days' trial of this wonderful hair preservative and beautifier. It feeds and nourishes the hair, and millions who have used Edwardes Harlene are writing grateful appreciations to 20-26, Lambs Conduit Street, W.C.1. The full directions are sent with this trial outfit.

The Queen felt deep sympathy with Lady Mount Stephen in her bereavement. As Miss Tufnell, the widow of that fine founder and maker of his own fortunes, the late Lord Mount Stephen, was an intimate friend of the Queen, whom she had lived much with during her Majesty's childhood. Miss Tufnell was for many years Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Mary Adelaide, the Queen's mother, and left her Royal Highness's Household to be married. Lord Mount Stephen was godfather when the Queen was godmother to the little son of Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, who was christened in Esher Church and who died soon after. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, quite boys then, were present, and every member of the Royal Family had a cheery word with the sturdy-looking, fine-browed man who in making his fortune won respect from all around him. He left no children, and he died at Brocket Hall—where, I think, Lord Palmerston also died—and chose to be taken to his interment in a Canadian buckboard, showing that to the last the great Dominion of Canada, in which he lived so long, held its place in his heart.

The Empire will have no finer present at Christmas than peace with Ireland. The North and the South will undoubtedly not fall on each other's necks and weep for joy. All will, however, be well with both if they learn gradually to respect each other, as they will do if both run straight, each according to their principles. There is no man who more thoroughly appreciates good government than the intelligent Irishman. Possibly that is why he so often left his own country and prospered in another. Good government has not been a characteristic of British rule in Ireland; blowing hot and then cold is the worst possible policy there. Peace is in the air as yet, but everyone hopes to have it assured soon.

I do not think that many women will feel aggrieved by the decision of the Football Association to ban the playing of women. It is a rough-and-tumble which, to quote the old-world Mrs. Malaprop, is "unbecoming a young woman." All sections of people are inclined, when granted something they have wanted, to run into exaggeration in exercising a new privilege. This, I think, accounts for the desire to invade the football field by members of my sex. It would, perhaps, have been as well to take no notice, and let them play until they tired of the roughness, the dirt, and the strenuous training required for the game. Undoubtedly they would have done so, and opposition frequently encourages opposition!

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke dresses very well. At the opening of the Hyde Park Hotel Christmas Fair her dress, which had a skirt quite to the ankles, was of brown chiffon velvet embroidered in a raised design with a hint of russet in it. A tricornie hat of brown satin, with a tawny heron plume at one side and draped with brown lace, was effective. The weather had turned suddenly very mild, and many women staggering under the weight and heat of fur coats envied Lady Carisbrooke her very smart and light costume. The

Marchioness Curzon wore a black draped and embroidered crêpe-de-Chine dress and beautiful dark furs when she opened a sale at Lady Llan-gattock's house in aid of the Homes for Gentlewomen, in which the owner of South Lodge is so greatly interested. There was one note of colour in Lady Curzon's costume—a bright red feather in her hat. Viscountess Curzon is another lady who understands values in dress. At one of the very many benevolent-object sales of last week she wore a smoke-grey dress of crêpe-de-Chine with beautiful



A REST GOWN.

Very soft black satin which falls in graceful folds is adorned with scintillating jet embroidery.

moleskin furs. There are mole furs and mole furs; hers were of the *and* variety. On her beautifully poised head was a small hat of satin and fur, with a cluster of red and black currants at one side. With her was Mrs. Ralph Peto, and they were a pair good to look at. A man who was at the fair said that it was worth a guinea entrance fee to him, who had been long travelling abroad; to reassure himself of the distinction and beauty of British women. He had done so for less than a quarter the amount, and there were many pretty girls and ladies present to keep his assurance high.

Christmas brings fairyland to the minds of all children. A delightful way of pleasing them, and at the same time teaching them to take care of their own ivory castles—i.e., teeth—is to read to them "The Ivory Castle Fairy Book," which is sent, together with the daintiest little sample of Gibbs' far-famed dentifrice, upon receipt of name, address, and a twopenny stamp for postage. This is a good offer, but one which pays, for, once use Gibbs' delightful dentifrice—which is pleasant, efficacious in preventing decay, and has a refreshing and cleansing influence on the mouth—and no other will ever be asked for. It is sold in round pink cakes at 7½d. each, and there are very smart-looking metal stands and polished tops which are an ornament to the washstand and keep it tidy too. There are other Gibbs preparations equally excellent—dental cream, cold-cream shaving-soap, cold-cream soap, cold-cream foam, and brilliantine. They are sold at all good chemists' and stores. For the Fairy Book and dainty little sample write to D. and W. Gibbs, Ltd., Cold-Cream Soap Works, London, E.12.

A. F. J.



A RESTAURANT GOWN.

Shot taffetas and a cascade of silver lace make an effective restaurant gown. The hat is of black velvet, with a drooping plume.

good works are, all the same, never ending. Last week she opened the cheeriest little sale in a quiet convent in Lower Seymour Street, where the Sisters have a crèche and orphanage, in aid of which the sale is annually held. There is everything in

VIENNA REVOLTS AGAINST HIGH PRICES: RIOT AND PILLAGE.

DRAWINGS MADE ON THE SPOT BY KARL HORNSTEIN.



WITH A GIBBET INSCRIBED "FOR EXCHANGE SWINDLERS ONLY": VIENNA RIOTERS ATTACKING TWO WELL-DRESSED OCCUPANTS OF A MOTOR-CAR.



ONE OF 174 BUILDINGS SIMILARLY ATTACKED DURING THE RIOT: A MOB WRECKING AND LOOTING A CAFÉ IN VIENNA.

DESCRIBING the riot in Vienna on December 1, which grew out of an orderly strike of workmen, a "Times" correspondent says: "Later in the day Communist elements got the upper hand and attacked cafés, hotels, and shops along the Ring and Kärntnerstrasse and the Graben. Shop windows were smashed and shops plundered on the Kärntnerring. The great hotels chiefly inhabited by foreigners, offered an enticing mark. Before the doors could be shut, a party carried the Hotel Bristol by storm and penetrated as far as the first floor. The furniture, bedding, and crockery were smashed and

torn before the eyes of the terror-stricken inmates and were thrown out on the street. The Grand Hotel, the Hotel Imperial, and the Schwarzenberger Casino were treated in a similar manner. The police were powerless to interfere, and let the mob work its will." Writing on the next day, he says: "Experts estimate the damage roughly at 1000 million kronen (about £100,000). . . . Many well-dressed persons were robbed in the streets, or stripped of fur coats, watches, and jewellery. Motor-cars were also held up and the occupants hustled." Some, as one of our drawings shows, were very severely handled.



ARMED WITH STICKS AND REVOLVERS, AND CARRYING BANNERS AND TRADE UNION PLACARDS: A RIOTOUS CROWD, SURGING ROUND THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS IN VIENNA, RESISTED BY TROOPS—THE CENTRE OF THE DISTURBANCES.

Violent riots occurred in Vienna on December 1, originating in a strike of 30,000 workmen, Social Democrats, against the increased cost of living. The movement was led by the metal-workers from the north of the city, where the great Fiat works and others are situated. At first the proceedings were orderly, but later, as described above, Communists got control and proceeded to wreck and pillage hotels, cafés, and shops, and to maltreat well-dressed pedestrians and occupants of cars. Among those whose quarters were attacked in the Hotel Bristol was Sir William Goode, President of the Austrian Section of the

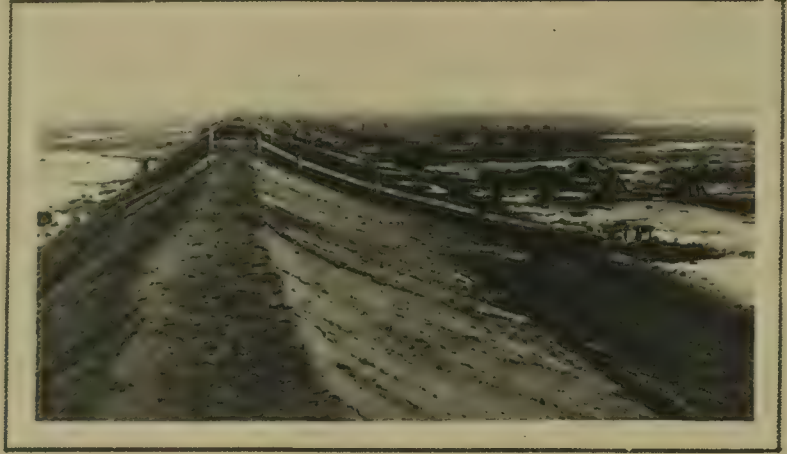
Reparation Commission and formerly British Director of Relief. In all, 174 premises were wrecked and plundered. The principal demonstration of the original strikers took place outside the Parliament buildings. Of the placards shown in our drawing, that on the left reads: "Union of Locomotive Workers of Floridsdorf"; and the next one to the right: "Union of Metal Workers of the 21st Division." The President of the Chamber, Herr Seitz, addressed the strikers from the steps. Troops were recalled from the Burgenland to keep order in the city.

CAN THE WASH BECOME CORN-FIELDS?—A RECLAMATION PROBLEM.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND PLAN SUPPLIED BY H. G. STOKES.



RECLAIMING SECTIONS OF THE WASH: A TYPICAL VIEW AT LOW TIDE, SHOWING PART OF ONE OF THE EMBANKMENTS.



METHODS BY WHICH THE WASH CAN BE RECLAIMED: TURFING THE SIDES OF AN EMBANKMENT CONSTRUCTED TO KEEP OUT THE SEA.

"AMONG the relief schemes invariably brought forward whenever a wave of unemployment sweeps over our country," writes Mr. H. G. Stokes, "there are always to be found one or two projects for the transformation of salty marshes into golden corn-fields. The miracles wrought at Holkham by 'Coke of Norfolk,' and by many another wizard elsewhere, are cited as arguments of what can be done. . . . 'On the map' all that is necessary to secure a hundred thousand acres of good ground (to say nothing of the possibility of recovering King John's crown jewels!) is a stout embankment from Lincolnshire to Norfolk. A channel to carry away the waters of the various rivers here flowing into the sea would, of course, be needed; but since there are still remains of the embank-

(Continued opposite.)

SHOWING THE LARGE TRACTS OF MARSHLAND LEFT DRY AT LOW TIDE, AND AREAS MARKED FOR RECLAMATION: A PLAN OF THE WASH.

Continued.]

ments successfully reared by the Romans with the same object, surely no difficulty need be apprehended. Somehow, nevertheless, the grandiose plan has always been abandoned, and men have had to be content with nibbling little bits off the shores of the Wash. German prisoners did some useful work in this direction, and since the war progress has been made on a 300-acre gulp between Skegness and Boston, as illustrated in our photographs. At ordinary tides the maritime marshlands are covered by the sea to only a slight depth; at spring tides they are some four feet beneath the surface. The photographs show very well their condition at ordinary low tides, and also the manner of reclamation by enclosing areas of marshland within earthen embankments protected with turf."



WHERE A LAND-RECLAMATION SCHEME ON A LARGE SCALE MIGHT PROVIDE WORK FOR THOUSANDS OF THE UNEMPLOYED: A VIEW OF THE WASH LOOKING NORTH-EAST—THE LAND TO BE ENCLOSED BEING ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE EMBANKMENT.

It was stated recently that the Government was considering the possibility of reclaiming a large area of land from the Wash. At the south-east corner near Hunstanton the sea is making inroads on the shore, and there have been falls of cliff as far as Cromer. Meanwhile, however, land is appearing all across the west end of the Wash, and at low tide there is an archipelago of little islands, forming thousands of acres of good land. The four rivers that empty into the Wash—the Nene, Ouse, Witham, and Welland—with difficulty make their way to the sea, and the harbour of King's Lynn is seriously threatened. A clear

channel for the rivers would be necessary. It has been suggested that a large reclamation scheme should be undertaken, on the lines of that now in progress on the Zuyder Zee, in Holland. Engineers say that the problem of the Wash is smaller, and presents no insuperable difficulties. Its total area is about three hundred square miles. In the past many reclamation schemes have been put forward, including one by Nathaniel Kindersley in 1751, and that of Sir John Rennie in 1839. If it were undertaken now, it would provide work for thousands of unemployed.

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



ON GUARD



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ART IN THE SALE ROOMS.

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

A CAREFUL study of recent valuations at auction shows a slight increase in the prices realised for porcelain, especially Chinese porcelain, possibly because a great number of specimens, not perhaps of superlative importance but above the average, have been coming into the market. A small *famille-verte* teapot, Kang-hsi, only 4½ in. high, shaped as a bundle of bamboo stems, sold at Christie's at the beginning of the month for £115. In the same rooms, a pair of Chinese powdered-blue dishes, enamelled with flowering plants, and a vase in centre in *famille-verte*, brought £94 10s. At the same sale, Chelsea was represented by a pair of figures of shepherd and shepherdess, with lambs and dogs and branches of flowers at back, which brought £430 10s. These were modelled by Roubiliac and had the letter R impressed. Roubiliac, the Frenchman, settled in London in the grand period contemporary with Reynolds and Gainsborough and Dr. Johnson. After a visit to Rome, the sculptor called on Sir Joshua, and, expressing himself enraptured with the antique, said: "When I take a survey of my own performances in Westminster Abbey, after seeing such excellence, by God, my work looks like tobacco-pipes!" Another Chelsea figure of Flora realised £92 8s.

Etchings by living artists are more often evident under the hammer than any other art work. At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on the 8th, some fine etchings by Sir Francis Seymour Haden, P.R.E., came forward, notably "Shere Mill," second state, signed; and "Mytton Hall" and "Sunset in Ireland," both first states, signed. Anders Zorn, Sweden's greatest artist, had a fine series of his virile etchings, signed proofs. He has been called "the northern echo of Rubens' exuberant Flemish hymn of life," and his bitten line has the same breadth and freedom and mastery. Muirhead Bone, James McBey, and D. Y. Cameron represented the moderns.

At the sale of the Farington collection, "The Main Street, Mons," after the bombardment in 1793, illustrated in our issue of Dec. 3, realised £25 4s.; "Views of the Lake District," to illustrate "Gray's Tour," brought £73 10s.; "Views on the Thames," 176 in number, brought £99 15s.; and the Farington papers, diaries, etc., about a hundred volumes, covering the period 1793 to 1821, realised £115 10s.

In the first portion of the collection of Dr. William Odling of Oxford, sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the

7th, some fine prints came up for recognition. A delectable lot was a parcel of Hogarths, "Strolling Players in a Barn," "Southwark Fair," etc., forty-eight in number, some in early states. "Charles I." and "Queen Henrietta Maria," by Robert Strange after Vandyk, were both proofs before all letters. Such examples as these do not often come into the

engraver whose contemporary portraits of Charles I., Henrietta Maria, and Elizabeth of Bohemia, "Queen of Hearts," daughter of Charles I., are so well known. R. White's fine portrait of George Lord Jeffreys—"Bloody Jeffreys"—after Kneller, offers no traits of character to associate him with his assizes in the West.

Among the glass which came up at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on the 9th there were sweetmeat glasses and taper sticks, wine-glasses with baluster stems, one with ten rings and with tear-drops, the hollow centre containing a coin of 1739. But a glass punch-bowl was of unusual interest, engraved with three figures seated at a table drinking, illustrating Burns's "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut." It is inscribed: "J. A. to J. C., my friend and brother," the identity of these being John Atkinson to John Childs, of Bungay, Suffolk, whence the collection came. There are Staffordshire drinking-mugs with the same three seated figures. The potter dearly loved to make a "fuddling cup," and threw zest into his work, knowing full well somebody would use it well and truly. With queer orthography he gaily incised: "A Nother and then," and other inscriptions. The glass-worker seems to have found a suitable subject. The lines—

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan came to see;
Three blither hearts that lee lang night
Ye would na find in Christendie,

are the beginning of Robbie Burns's song. Willie Nicol was a neighbour, and it was composed to celebrate the "house beating," or as the Southron calls it, the "house warming." Willie made the "browst strong and nappy," and Alan Masterton crossed the Nith to be there, and Robbie was one of the three. Let us suppose the poet is the middle figure.

At Christie's, on the 13th, in the porcelain offered, there came a New Hall cup and saucer from Lady Charlotte Schreiber's collection; a Pinxton cream-jug and a tea-cup and saucer, both from the Bemrose collection. Here was connoisseurship, and collectors paid the tribute for even these small relics. Two other items claimed attention: one of two Lowestoft mugs painted with floral ornament in blue, was inscribed "Ed. Amond, Wymondham, 1768." Some years ago, when the furore of Lowestoft collecting was at its height, these mugs would have brought £30 apiece. Lowestoft is a mysterious little factory. It produced a lot of crude ware in imitation of contemporary Bow and Worcester. Excavations on the site of the old pottery, at which the writer

(Continued overleaf.)



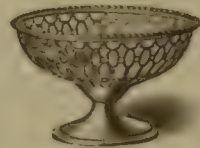
A LAND OF WINTER SUNSHINE: MONTE CARLO
AND ITS HARBOUR.

"Monte" is now almost as accessible to London as Brighton. Daily through trains run from Calais, and every sporting and social attraction is offered to the visitor in search of health and distraction. Golf, racing, floral fêtes, opera, motor-boating—nothing is wanting to make Monte Carlo a resort of resorts.

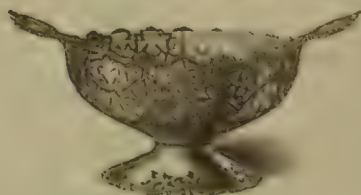
market. In competition came forward a portrait of Mazarin by that incomparable French engraver Nanteuil, in first state, and "Axel Oxenstein," by W. Delf, after Mierveld—that fine old Dutch



Sterling Silver Sweetmeat Dish.
£1 5 0



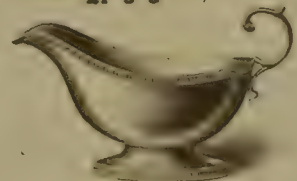
Sterling Silver Sweetmeat Dish.
£1 5 0



Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, with glass lining, complete with Servers.
9 in. diam., £29 0 0



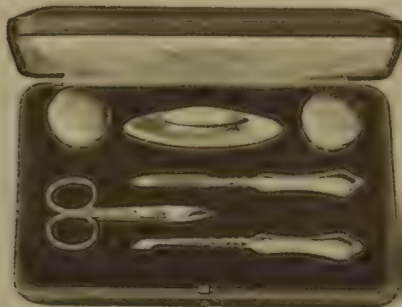
Sterling Silver Tea Service, 1½ pints, £33 10 0
Prince's Plate Tea Service, 1½ pints, £11 0 0



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a Pillar Box—

think of an
Onoto.



Onoto the Pen

Thomas De La Rue & Co., Limited,

110, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1

(Continued.)

was present, proved much. Heaps of shards and unfinished pieces and Bow and Worcester broken models told a story. But there was even a greater story behind. It would almost seem that the little factory was a "blind," with its secret mixing-house on the dunes. The merchants running it were smack-owners, and they apparently ran an illicit brandy business and shipped spirits from Holland. All things point to this. Perhaps to collectors Lowestoft may have an added piquancy on this account.

A three days' sale of Japanese colour prints at Sotheby's on the 15th, 16th, and 19th, covers a wide area, and collectors should not miss the illustrated European books guiding them to their knowledge of an evanescent phase of art.

Christmas is the time of all times when we set out to make our children happy. Surely we should also do something for those little ones who know only roughness and ill-treatment. The calls on the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children are always insistent. A Special Christmas Appeal for funds is being made. Any donation will be gladly welcomed, and should be addressed to Mr. R. J. Parr, O.B.E., Director, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 40, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

For the benefit of those going to Switzerland at Christmas for winter sports, the French and Swiss Railways are running an extra train, 1st and 2nd class, with dining and sleeping cars, from Boulogne to Switzerland by the direct Laon route, specially for the Christmas holidays, and are arranging for it to serve all the principal sport centres in the Engadine and Bernese Oberland. This train will run in connection with the service leaving Victoria at 2.0 p.m. via Folkestone, on December 23. The accommodation is limited, so early booking is essential, at Victoria Station (S.E. and C.R.).

CHRISTMAS IN STORYLAND:

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

THIS season, as usual, the publishers have provided a wealth of choice for those who think that a book is the best Christmas present for young people.

At the head of our list we must place a delightful edition of Milton's "Comus" (Heinemann; 25s. net), with numerous colour-plates and line drawings by that famous illustrator, Mr. Arthur Rackham, whose

Mr. Rackham's work is a volume of poems by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, of Dartmoor fame, called "A Dish of Apples" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net), all about the fruit and cider of the West Country.

Mr. W. Heath Robinson has done a number of beautiful colour-plates and drawings, in which he departs from his usual comic mechanical fantasies, for "Old Time Stories" (Constable; 15s.), a selection from the famous French fairy tales by Perrault and others, translated by A. E. Johnson. Another hand-

some book sure to be popular is "Where the Rainbow Ends" (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s. net), done into narrative form by Mrs. Clifford Mills, part author of the well-known Christmas play, and illustrated in colour and line by Leo Bates. That famous illustrator, the late Mr. Claud Lovat Fraser, did some charming little colour drawings in old-fashioned style for "The Luck of the Bean-Rows," a fairy-tale translated from the French of Charles Nodier (Daniel O'Connor; 6s. net). It is daintily printed, with wide margins and a strikingly original cover.

Jean de Bosschère, the famous Belgian author-artist, whose dramatic cartoons have recently been a notable feature in the *Sketch*, has this year collaborated with himself, so to speak, in a new fantastic story called "Weird Islands" (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d. net), for which he has done a coloured frontispiece and many amusing black-and-white drawings. From the same publishers comes "The Child's Book of France" (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d. net), by Sidney Dark, with sixteen illustrations in half-tone from photographs and historical pictures.

Scandinavia has a charming story-teller who, like Henri Fabre, can invest nature study with the spirit of adventure, in the person

of Carl Ewald, the great Danish naturalist. Some of his tales were introduced to English readers a few years ago by Professor Moore-Smith, of Sheffield University. Two delightful little books containing

(Continued overleaf.)

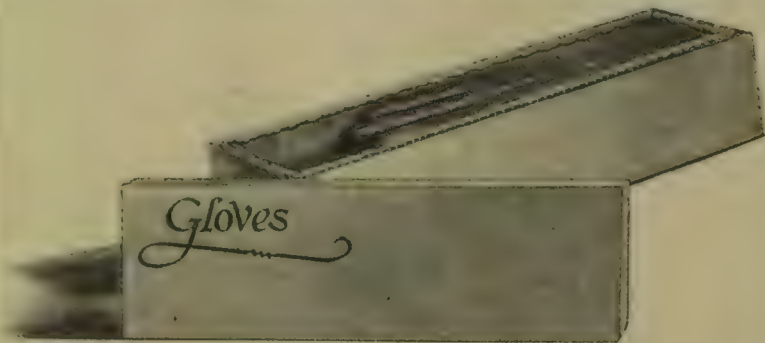


A DISTINGUISHED GROUP AT THE FIRST ANNUAL DINNER TO THE CONTRIBUTORS OF "PEARS' ANNUAL": (L. TO R.) LORD CHARNWOOD, MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY, LORD DEWAR, AND COLONEL SIR FRANK BEAUCHAMP, BT.

The first annual dinner given by the Directors of Messrs. A. and F. Pears, Ltd., to the contributors of "Pears' Annual," at the Carlton Hotel on December 7, was a very brilliant affair. It was followed by a reception, and the 700 guests present at this included practically everyone of importance in the social, artistic, literary, and theatrical world. Lord Dewar presided at both functions. On his right at dinner he had Mr. John Galsworthy, and on his left Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson. Next to the Field-Marshal was Lord Leverhulme, and next to Mr. Galsworthy was Lord Charnwood. Among others present were Mr. Stephen McKenna, Sir Herbert Morgan, Miss Clemence Dane, Miss Sybil Thorndike, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and Miss Athene Seyler. The Palm Court and Restaurant were reserved for the distinguished guests. The Banqueting Hall was cleared for dancing, and in the Palm Court well-known artistes gave an excellent entertainment.

work seems to become more exquisite as each year makes it more mature. "Comus," of course, will appeal not only to older children, but to poetically minded grown-ups as well. Another example of

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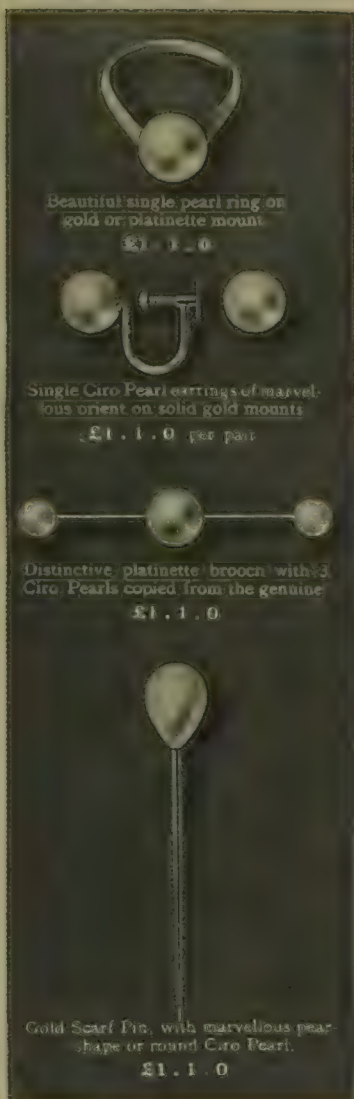
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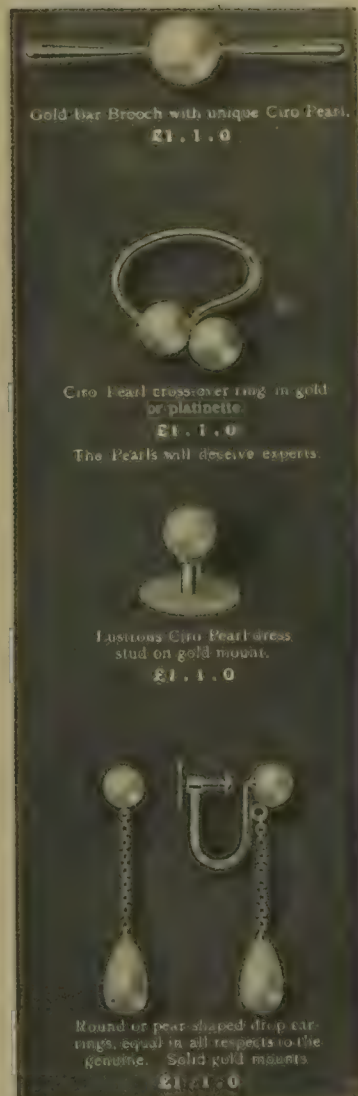
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ATTRACTIVE EVENING GOWN in artistic shades of rich quality tinsel and silk brocade; full evening bodice with shoulder straps and drapery of silk net, finished with waistband and flowers; well-cut skirt with new side drapery of silk net to match bodice.

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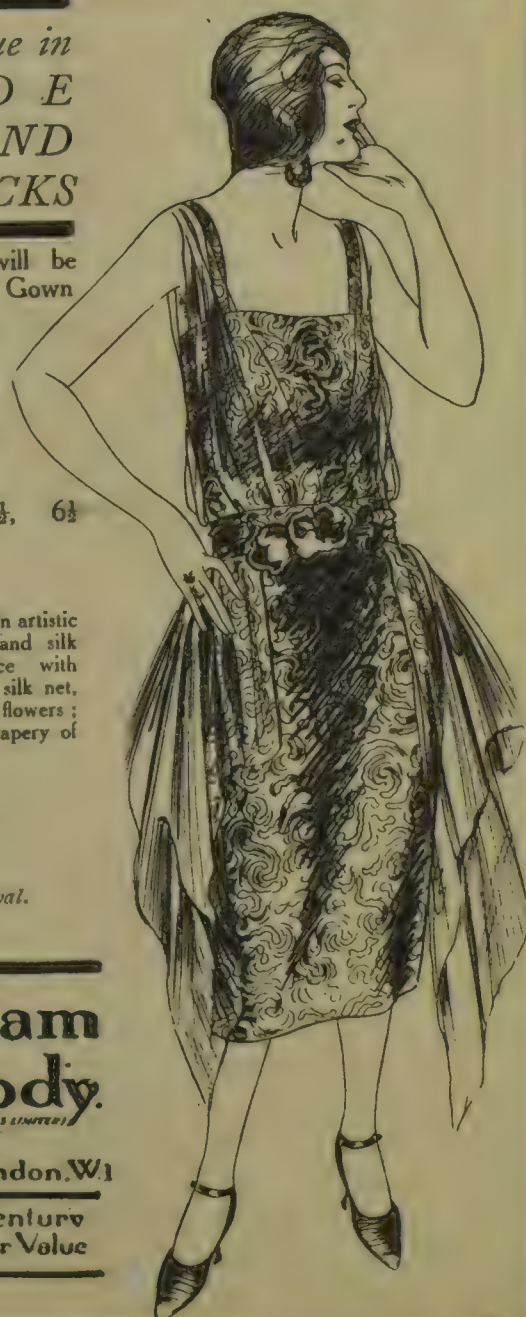
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(Continued)

new selections from Ewald, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, whose recent death was much deplored, are entitled respectively "Two-Legs" and "The Old Willow Tree" (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d. net each). They are well and fully illustrated. To the Royal Road Library belong "The Butterflies' Day," by W. H. Koebel, illustrated by Hilda T. Miller; "Toby and the Odd Beasts," by Netta Syrett, illustrated by Lilian A. Govey; "Rachel and the Seven Wonders," by Netta Syrett, illustrated by Joyce Mercer; and, in similar format but slightly larger, "The House above the Trees," by Ethel Cook Eliot, illustrated by Anne Anderson (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d. net each).

Exceedingly amusing is "A Cartoonist among Animals" (Hurst and Blackett; 3s. 6d. net), by Leonard R. Brightwell, F.Z.S.—which will appeal to old boys and girls as well as young ones.

An attractive book of original fairy-tales is "The Seven Glass Gooseberries," by the late Charles Cumberland, illustrated by M. Daviel (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d. net), with a foreword by R. S. Garnett. One of the most delightful original stories of the new season is by Judge Edward Abbott Parry, called "Katawampus: Its Treatment and Cure; and The First Book of Krab" (Sherratt and Hughes; 10s. 6d. net), with admirable illustrations by Archie MacGregor, coloured by Cynthia Moon. "The Green-Faced Toad, and Other Stories" (John Lane; 7s. 6d. net), by Vera B. Birch, has some very dainty illustrations in quite a fresh manner by Lois Lenski. "My Book of

Favourite Fairy-Tales" (Raphael Tuck and Sons; 6s. 6d. net), illustrated by Jennie Harbour, contains, as its title indicates, the familiar old stories of never-failing interest in a new and attractive guise.

From Collins's Clear-Type Press, whose name indicates that it makes a strong point of readable print, comes a number of first-rate books for boys and girls of all ages. For a boy with a mechanical turn of mind nothing could be better than "The Engine Book" (7s. 6d.), pictured by Ben Smith, and written by Charles R. Gibson. It explains in short and simple paragraphs the development of engines and railways, the contributions of various inventors to their perfection, and the working of the principal mechanism. Excellent books of their class are "Collins's Adventure Annual," "Collins's Children's Annual" (7s. 6d. net each), and "The Tot and Tim Annual" (5s. net), all abundantly illustrated in the realistic way that young people like. "Golden Spurs" (2s. 6d. net), edited by Herbert Hayens, might be called a first book of historical heroes. It has good colour plates. "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard," by Eleanor Farjeon (7s. 6d. net), is not illustrated. Among many bright picture-books for younger folks issued by Messrs. Collins are "Left Luggage" (3s. net), "My Lady Babs" (2s. net), "My Story Book" (2s. net), "Stories for You" (1s. net), "The Bunny-Luckys" (1s. net), and "Harry B. Neilson's A.B.C." (4s. net). Finally, Messrs. Collins send us three novels of school life entitled "Play Up, King's," by Herbert Hayens, illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.; "The

Girls of the Abbey School," by Elsie J. Oxenham, illustrated by Elsie Wood; and "Celia Wins," by Edith E. Cowper, illustrated by Rosa Petherick (6s. net each).

Of a similar type are three books published by Messrs. Jarrolds: "The Cleverest Chap in the School," by Robert Leighton; "The Treasure Hunters," a story of the tropical seas, by John Mackie; and "The Girls of St. Bede's," a story of school life, by Geraldine Mockler. Each has a frontispiece in colour. Three other books in the format of a novel, suitable for girls and younger children, are "Angel Unawares," by Queenie Scott-Hooper (Harrap; 6s. net); "All About Pets: Told in Stories," by Lilian Gask, illustrated by Barbara Briggs and Savile Lumley (Harrap; 6s. net); and "The Street that Ran Away: A Story of Magic," by Elizabeth Croly, with four illustrations in colour by R. J. Williams (Mills and Boon; 5s. net).

A picture-book that is bound to please little people is "My Dolly's Home," by Doris Davey after Helen Waite (Simpkin Marshall; 10s. 6d. net). It has no letterpress, and is composed entirely of large colour pictures of a house and its various rooms and grounds, with doors and windows made to open. It is a new idea admirably carried out.

Last, but not least, comes a book providing for the musical side of child-life, "Old English Nursery Songs," with music arranged by Horace Mansion, and charmingly pictured by Anne Anderson (Harrap; 8s. 6d. net).



Little Joy makes her own dolls

Joy is any little girl with a Dennison Doll Outfit. Her eyes sparkle with pleasure at sight of one of these unique gifts. Now she can make her own dolls with charming dresses of brightly coloured crepe paper, and trim them with hair to match. No doll is so realistic as this gift. Price, No. 5, 5/-; No. 26, 2/6. Designers' complete set.

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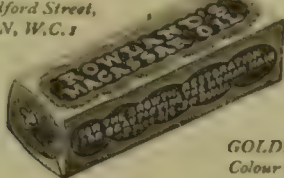
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GOLDEN
Colour for
Fair Hair.

YOUR DELICATE FEATURES



Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience.

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FOR variety of models, charming patterns and unlimited selection of fine quality tweeds, homespuns and serges, the one firm it were a folly to overlook when in the looking mood is

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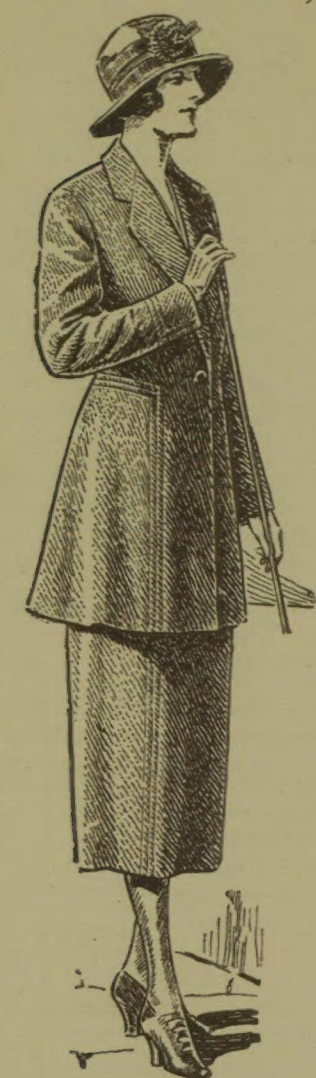
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The set complete with stropping handle and 7 solid sword-steel blades, each etched with a day of the week. **30/-**
A combination set, containing 7 solid blades and new Automatic Stropping Machine. **45/-**



Do not throw these Blades away.

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Wilkinson Sword Steel Razors, hardened and tempered by their special process (fully hollow-ground).

The prices of our best cases are—

Two Razors	...	£1 9 6
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Ivory handles 4/6 per razor extra.



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God rest you merry gentlemen,
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Christmas—the merry Festival—is often spoiled for the mistress of the house by domestic troubles.

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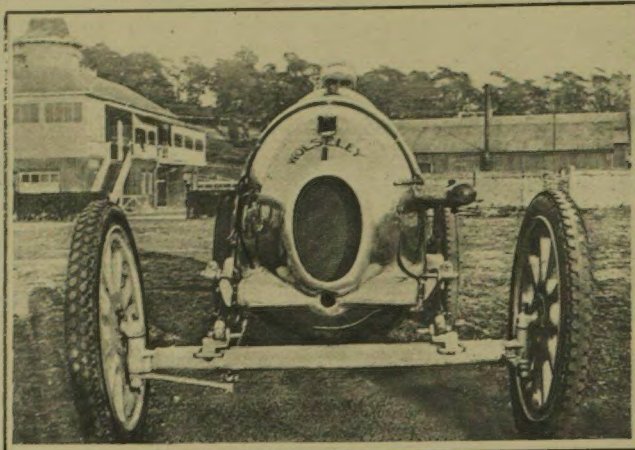
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Gilbertian Act.

When the Roads Act was rushed through Parliament by a Minister possessed of a frantic desire to show that his existence was justified and that his Department was really doing something, it was perfectly plain that the measure was ill considered and badly drawn. Many weaknesses were pointed out at the time. A few were eliminated during the passage of the Bill through the two Houses, but so great was the hurry that there was no time to turn it into a considered and workable statute. The worst of it is that there was not the slightest need for all the haste. The Finance Act of 1920 had provided for the new scale of motor taxation, and it would have been perfectly easy to collect it by means of the then existing machinery. That was not good enough for the Ministry of Transport, and so the Roads Act came into existence.

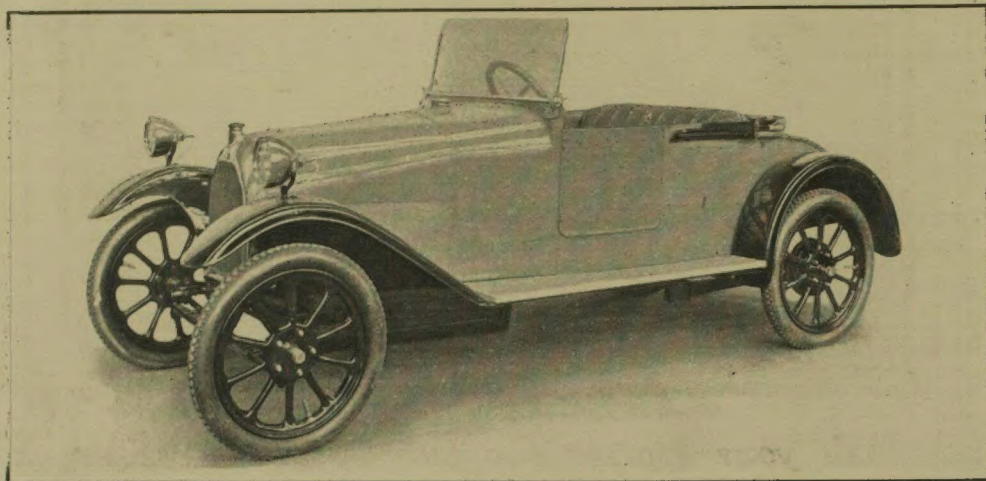
Now, a side of the motor industry which is developing very rapidly is that which deals with the sale of cars on what is known as the hire-purchase system, under which the car remains the absolute, inalienable property of the seller until the last instalment has been paid. Under the Roads Act, the possessor of the car, who need not be and often is not the actual owner, is the person who must register the vehicle and pay the tax. To him is issued the registration book, which, we are told, is a species of title-deed to the car, and without which it cannot in practice be dealt with in the way of sale. It appears that a firm who had sold a heavy car on the hire-purchase system became uneasy as to their title to the car, the latter, in the ordinary course, having been registered as the property of the hirers, who held the official "title-deed." So they proceeded in the High Court against the hirers and against the London County Council, who had issued the documents, for an injunction. They lost their case because, as the Judge pointed out, there was no malice on the part either of the hirers or the London County Council. He further pointed out that the latter would have been liable to a criminal prosecution if they had refused to register the car and issue the registration

book. And so it has been demonstrated that, so far from the present cumbersome and annoying system of registration being a safeguard against the wrongful disposal of cars, in certain circumstances it makes the proceeding easier than ever it was. No sensible



A RECORD-BREAKER: THE WOLSELEY "TEN."

person would buy a second-hand car without the production of the registration book; and, on the other hand, its production by the vendor is generally to be held as a demonstration of clear title to deal in the car.



AN ELEGANT TWO-SEATER: AN 8-H.P. TALBOT-DARRACO.

Next Year's Racing.

The R.A.C. informs me that the last day for the receipt of entries at ordinary fees for the international car races to be held next year is the 31st inst. This regulation applies both to the International Tourist Trophy race and to the "Fifteen Hundred" car race. The former event is for cars of not less than 2500 c.c. (2½ litres) nor more than 3000 c.c. (3 litres); while the second race, as its name indicates, is open only to cars with a cylinder capacity of not more than 1500 c.c. The club desires to remind intending entrants that the regulations for the races provide that not more than three cars of any one make may compete, and that entries can only be made through manufacturers or sole concessionaires in this country for foreign cars.

Has the club, I wonder, taken any steps to find out if it is possible or not to hold these races over a circuit in England? There is no particular reason why the club should be committed to hold the races in the Isle of Man, while on every ground it is desirable that an English course should be found if it is at all practicable.

Novelties for the Motorist.

Most people have already decided upon the gifts they intend for their friends at Christmas and the New Year, but those still in doubt might do much worse than pay a visit to Messrs. Smith and Sons' show-rooms in Great Portland Street, and make a selection there of gifts appropriate to the motorist. There is no fitting or accessory to the car which cannot be obtained at Smith's. Dainty

canteens for the closed car are a specialty. Mascots make a strong appeal to many, and there is every conceivable kind to be had, from the type embodying superlative artistry to the merely grotesque.

It is not often that one comes across a catalogue of motor-cars which is really deserving of a special note all to itself. One has, however, just reached me from the Lanchester Company which is almost the last word in luxury of production combined with quiet taste. The many types of coachwork characteristic of the superb Lanchester are separately illustrated in photogravure, each being a distinct picture worthy of framing as a work of art.—W. W.



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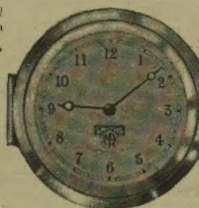
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Finest value for money ever offered in the way of a Motor Car Timepiece, 8-day.

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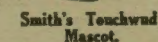


Smith's Motor Watch.

A compact little time piece only 2 in. across the dial, wedge pattern as illustrated, or to fit flush in the dash.

Price: Flush Fitting £4 4 0

Wedge Pattern £3 15 0



Smith's Touchwood Mascot.

The latest lucky mascot. Fit this to your car and avoid trouble.

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Smith's Motor Vase.

An attractive Vase in best Electro Plate, 5½ in. high.

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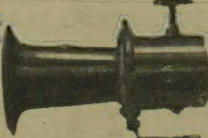
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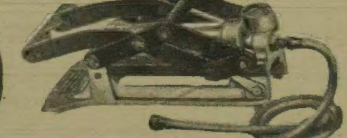
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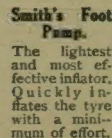


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The embodiment of grace and beauty 16 in. by 18 in.

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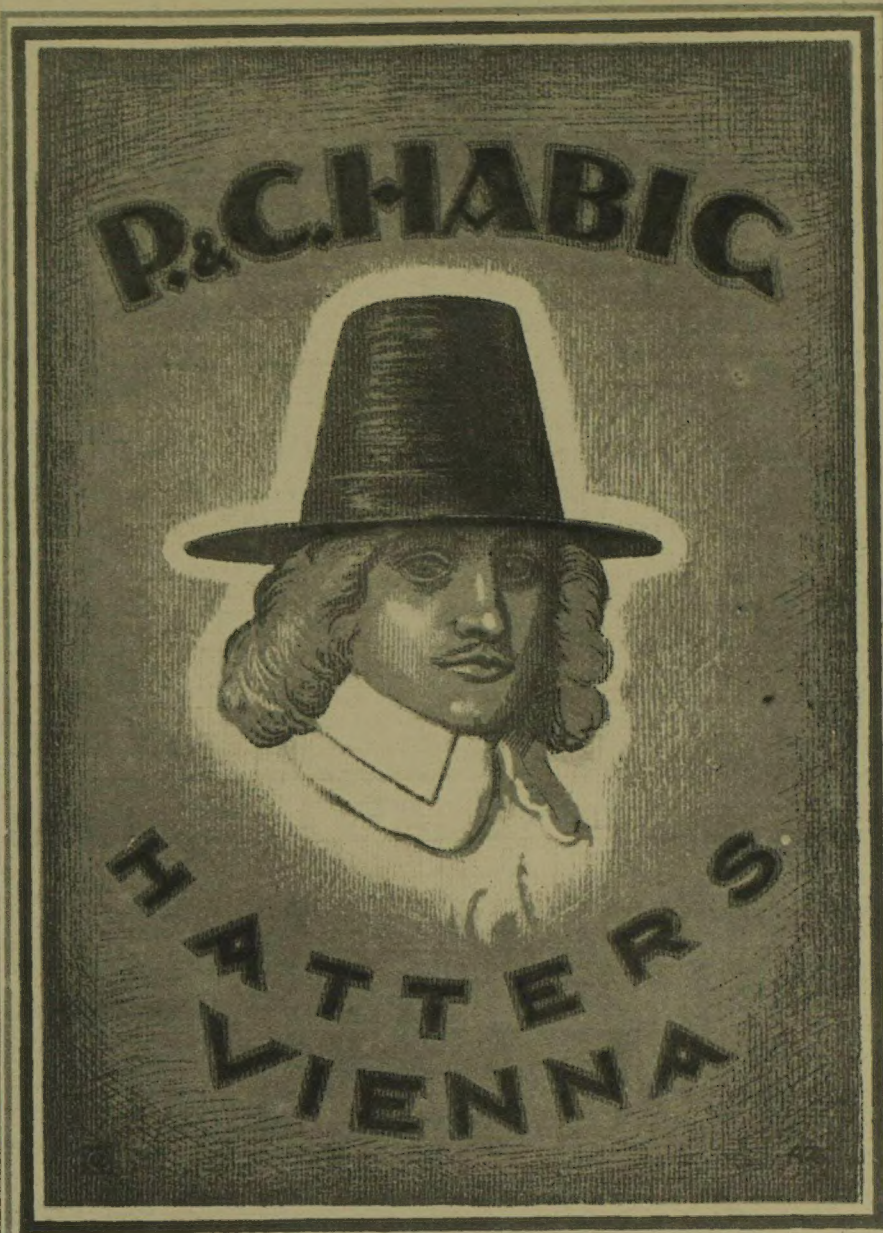
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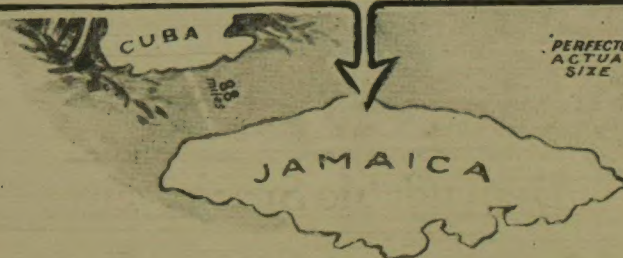
They are made in sizes and shapes to suit all smokers, and are sold by all the leading Stores, Hotels and Clubs.

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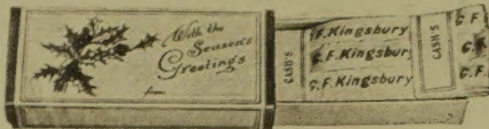
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TOM SMITH'S CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

CRACKERS are inseparably associated with the festive season, which without them would be shorn of much of its joy. In the realm of crackerdom the name of Tom Smith stands pre-eminent. That famous and old-established firm (it was founded so far back as 1847) is once again to the fore with a delightful set of novelties for the Christmas table. They include crackers of all sorts and sizes, from the sumptuous kind suitable for table decoration down to the diminutive Floral Midgets and Tiny Tims. There is something adapted to every taste and the resources of every purse. Of the larger varieties, one box of handsome crackers adorned with lovely pink roses is extremely decorative. Very attractive, too, is a large bunch of red crackers, with a bird and holly on top, in a green paper basket that can be suspended over the table. Of other boxes designed for grown-up parties we note especially the Carnival Princess, the Mascot Souvenir, the Jazz, and the Judge and Jury. The last-named is, of course, particularly appropriate for a legal family, or indeed for any that has had experience of the law in any capacity. For the young folks, to whom crackers chiefly appeal, there is a great wealth of choice. Some that are bound to be very popular are the boxes entitled Childhood's Dream, Funniosities, Jewel, Firework, and Winter Joys. Nor must we forget another favourite accessory of the children's Christmas party, the Santa Claus Stocking, packed with

toys and other pleasant surprises. Altogether, it may be said that Tom Smith has lived well up to his high reputation.

As a useful Christmas gift nothing could be better than a box of Cash's Woven Names, made by Messrs. J. and J. Cash, Ltd., of Coventry. These neat tapes show thoughtfulness, and prove useful for marking all kinds of household and personal linen. They cost only 5s. for 12 dozen, 3s. 9d. for 6 dozen, or



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"Pears' Annual" for Christmas, 1921, contains a number of short stories from the most famous

novelists of the day. Stephen McKenna, E. F. Benson, and E. V. Lucas are all represented by excellent examples of their several styles in fiction, as well as William Caine and others, while the coloured pages are both extremely handsome and numerous. H. H. Harris is at his best in "You are a One!" Steven Spurrier, R.O.I., is responsible for four beautiful illustrations to William Morris's version of the "Odyssey"; and Claude Shepperson's very attractive double-page picture of "Scheherazade" is particularly admirable. For 2s., a real feast of first-rate fiction and pictorial art may be obtained, and the two presentation plates are a great feature of the number. One is "The Sleeping Beauty," by the Hon. John Collier, R.O.I., and the other, Septimus E. Scott's delicate and charming "Ballet."

Very useful in these dark days, and appropriate as a Christmas gift, would be one of the self-generating electric pocket-lamps placed on the market at the very low price of one guinea by the Wilkinson Sword Company, Ltd., of 53, Pall Mall, S.W.1, the famous gun, sword, and equipment makers and razor manufacturers. These lamps are operated by a lever which drives a small dynamo and produces a strong, steady light. No battery is required, so there can be no danger of the light failing; in fact, they claim to be inexhaustible. Each lamp is backed by a six months' guarantee. The lamp is quite light, being contained in an aluminium case.

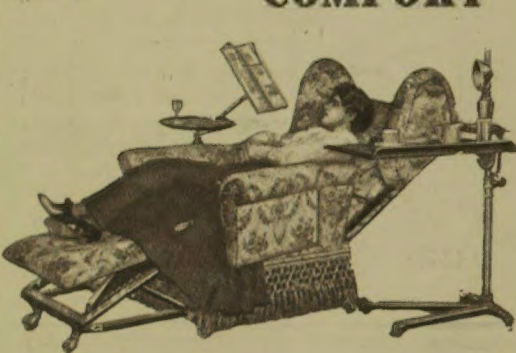
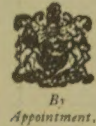
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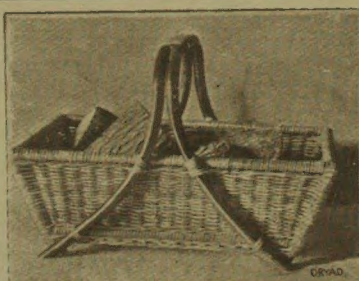
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